

Writing is an odd business. Most scribbles put down what is known as a "first draft." This is a collection of notes of related events, anecdotes, descriptions, conversations and impressions which are jotted down without regard for their proper sequence but close enough so that the writer can juggle his pages about, write a new paragraph here and there, change a line or two and smooth things out into what becomes the second draft.

Then, nine times out of ten, he completely re-writes the whole damn thing and borrows cash to take it to a publisher.

I don't have the confidence or the ambition to work that hard. The reward may not be worth the effort and, conversely, but truly, the original manuscript is often the best, if the technicians only realized it.



This will be, then, a sort of memorandum rather than a completed manuscript. While I will try to get persons and events in some sort of chronological order and try not to stray too far from the main theme in recording impressions, conversations, and actions; it will still be more or less a hodge-podge of notes that I may want to correlate, some day, into something resembling a finished work.

At least one writer who used this method with surprising success. His name was F. Scott Fitzgerald and he was the author who wrote so much about "mad youth" back in the twenties. He was no Maxwell Bodenheim, destined to wind up a wino, murdered in a village garret. But, he did fade into temporary oblivion with the assistance of the best in bourbon.

Fitzgerald died forgotten but his estate has prospered by the present rise in juvenile delinquency which has revived interest in "flaming youth" and "furious adolescence." There is some comparison between the sex silly kids of Fitzgerald's era and our current "dope dizzy and sex crazy" youngsters in that both generations of gibbons provoke expostulations of disgust!

But here the comparison ends. Today's youth is not just out to sew a few wild outs and then take over the factory or become the mother of the year. More about this later.

Anyway, this report is not primarily concerned with juvenile delinquency but is about what Jack Kerouac has dubbed, "The Beat Generation." Kerouac is a young author with black hair and a strange glint in his eyes and his books are bibles to the "Beats" who become rapturous over many of the long descriptive passages that all Kerouac writings possess. He "sends" them.

It is not unusual to have a Beatnik pull a grubby copy of a Kerouac book from a worn pocket and quote long phrases from it. All will refer, with or without the book, to the Beatnik philosophy originated by Kerouac. This is: "I Don't Know. I Don't Care. And it Doesn't Make Any Difference."



When I decided that Beats are frauds, I also decided to do some reporting and secure the documentary, photographic and biographic evidence that would prove my contention.

I started by going to San Francisco's North Beach, the Beat capital of the United States.

North Beach is to San Francisco what the village is to New York or the Left Bank to Paris. Here are the "rebels without causes," the "Bohemians," the "Beat Generation," so difficult to describe and impossible to analyze. Determined to do as little as possible and still savor every sensation, the "Beatniks" and the "Beat Chicks" may be the discards in the game of civilization.

If there is an intellectual in the tawdry tribe, I failed to meet him. If there is an existing artist among the "Beat," he has gone unrecognized.

The Beat make a big point of non-conformity. Unkind but discerning persons think that this is a dodge to escape toil. Many analytical minds have decided that the Beat are going through a phase that will disappear like an adolescent's pimple. In this we disagree, in the main. Too many are afflicted by various mental ills, phobias and quirks to ever lead a so-called "normal" existence. Too many are homos, alcoholics and dopes. Too many hunger for a bizarre sort of sex that would be incongruous in the suburbs.

But, say what you may, in this age of conformity where we all are just peas in the political pod, where we wear, what we eat, where we sit and how we think is insidiously directed, sometimes by subliminal methods and "hidden persuaders," perhaps we should respect and even reverse the "Beat" as fighters on Freedom's front. At least they do dare to defy the minor edicts of the Machine. They regard the conventions as so much slush.

A Beatnik poet said, "You know most of the people writing about the Beat Generation are so hung up (impressed) with the marijuana and the sex and the homosexuality that they don't see the Big Picture. They don't realize that most of the Beat are existentialist, that they want to die. It's true. The Beach chicks surround themselves with death symbols. They wear black shoes, long black stockings, black shirts and black sweaters. (See Photos)"

"Some of the experts who have written about the Beat Generation say we are divided into only two big groups: The heterosexual and the homosexual. Actually, we are divided even more by our attitude toward life. There are the "loners" who storm back and forth across the country and live on a high pitch of awareness and spend all their time digging life. They see the ones who say, 'I'm here and I wish I weren't but while I have life I am going to really live it.'



Then there are the real Beatniks, the do-nothings who sit around the Coexistence Bagel Shop or lie in the sun all day at Aquatic Park and talk. They aren't hoodlums because they don't care that much about life. They might make it with a Beach chick once in a while, but they do it to relieve their boredom. They say, 'I'm here and I wish I weren't and to hell with it.'

Another of the tribe is reported to have said: 'I smoke pod-tea, marijuana, call it anything you want. But I'm on pod to slow things down. There are so many things to hear and to see and to smell (including himself?). The pod slows it down so that I can dig everything. But these others—these guys on junk or heavy on juice, self destruction is very real for them.'

A chick described as "unplucked" quoted from Oscar Wilde to get home her ideas. "Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common and the vulgar. Live! Live the wonderful life

that is in you. Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for the new sensation!"

Another "Beat" stated: "You don't see much of the inter-racial bit in New York. You don't see it at all in New Orleans. But its big in North Beach. It's all tied up with the death-wish. Also with the negro's desire to be more like the white and the Beat white's desire for the primitive."

Kerouac's Book "On The Road," contains the following paragraph: "The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow Roman candles..."

The North Beach "chick" is as individualistic as her tribal brother in the Beatnik clan.

She is even more inclined to get and remain "high" than her weird Brothers. Usually she prefers pod and wine or just pod or just wine. She is also, in most cases, bi-sexual but it has been said that the majority are Lesbians who forget which sex is which when looped. One was strangled by a colored man in San Francisco. She thought he was her white boy-friend. That is, she thought so until she felt black fingers around her throat. They found her body in an alley. She had allowed the ebony pick-up, a merchant sailor, to remove her clothing.

Beat Chicks go for short hair, tight pants, berets and varied jackets, shirts and sweaters. Those who wear skirts will deliberately omit underclothing, sit in nonchalant positions in the various traps and, at given moments, spread their legs, giving interested persons what is known as a "flash." This is mainly for the benefit of tourists, who are held in contempt, and when a pass is made by one of the visitors, the Beat broad will usually give him or her the "brush." This is done to satisfy, it is to be imagined, some inner urge to humiliate persons of a different attitude and station in life and also, probably, to prove that the

Long black hose, the type worn by strip-tease dancers, are used by Beat chicks who sometimes seek to emulate the ecydasists. Some say that black is worn because it is a symbol of death but this writer found but few of the wierdies ready for permanent oblivion.



FROLIC IN FRISCO



When the tourists became increasingly annoying, so they said, the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, "Beat" headquarters in San Francisco, put soap signs on the windows to warn them and "Pressniks" (newspaper reporters) and "Fuzzniks" (policemen) away. In retaliation to the tourist invasion of their North Beach domain, the "Beats" rented their own sight-seeing bus and toured downtown San Francisco.



The "Place" in San Francisco does capacity business as the result of newspaper publicity, which was obtained by the proprietor who masquerades as a "Beat" but is really an opportunist out for the shekels and will shave off his beard, once he has it made, many opine.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER A. DEGENZIE



folks from the other side of the fence will relish the same clover, grovel in the same dirt.

A prominent wolf on the town, who enjoys both position and reputation, admitted. "I go for these 'Beat' babes. I know they are filthy, nuts and unpredictable. However, they will do anything and want is sex if not a primal, animal urge?"

Many Beat chicks, however, are cold, aloof and just what to stay stupidly loaded. Most of them will slip a hand in a tourist's pocket given the opportunity.

The exceptions are the remittance breads who get money from home for usually an obvious reason. To stay away.

While interviewing a photographer regarding the purchase of pictures at one of the "Fairyland" grottos, a freak wearing a D'Artagnan hat with red, white and blue plumes was noted. Is he nuts? "No, he is a poet and a good publicity man. He had some of his poems printed and he must have sold fifty dollars worth of them in the last three months." This last was the reply of the photographer. When asked if he wanted to sell some of his pictures, the same shutter clicker said. "I am a dishwasher now. I washed dishes all last night. Before I sell any pictures, I'll have to go home and get some sleep."

A "square" girl, taken to a Beatnik beamer stated: "I have nothing but disgust for these people. They are worse than animals. Any beast will lick itself clean. These people are slowly, disgusting, revolting and in the animal kingdom they would be too filthy, like the Jackal to eat! Even the buzzards and the vultures would vomit."

This indictment is probably the odd opinion. Many San Francisco shop girls, stenos and housewives find the "Beat" fascinating. There is considerable concern that many will become more than just initiated. Groups of girls, for a lark, now assay Chick costumes and sally into the alleys.

"It scares me to go into those queer places but it thrills me, too," a masquerading beauty operator told me. "When a Dike sidles up to me, I get breathless. I don't know how to explain it except to say that the strangeness of it 'sends' me!"

Unless you are privy to the internal workings of the Beat generation, you must be completely bewildered by the seemingly contradictory statements issued by this segment of what I call "the pained and painful population." Really, as they say, I was failing to dig, too. I lacked what they call "awareness." My preconceived notions were interfering with my reception. I wasn't getting it. I wasn't hip, hep or hearing.

I set out to pursue my subjects from den to dive, from trap to dump, from breakfast to hell. I made the 'Frisco Beatnik Beat!

First I followed a young couple, the girl white and attractive, the man a negro. They went into the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, advertised as a "center meeting area for the North Beach avant garde." I sat at a table next to the one selected by the couple in the hope that I might "tin ear" their conversation as I had read that the white chicks were paying the colored boys and I did note, in support of this theory, that the girl picked up the tab for the beers. However, I was unable to overhear anything as I was immediately joined by two bearded Beats who had spotted me and decided, with commendable alacrity, that I must be a 'live one'!

"What's with you, Dad?" The inquiry was addressed to me by a sallow youth with pink cheeks, despite scraggly whiskers, a mincing manner and a yellow shirt.



"Are you a Beatnik?" I asked, restraining myself from chucking a chubby cheek.

"Hoo hoo hoo the other tittered. This one's beard was brown, touched with visible dye and a lock of it's hair hung over an eye. "Another tourist! Did you just get off the bus? No? Well, they run one out here on a regular schedule so that you tourists can dig the "Beat" blissfully and at ease. Personally, I am mad about tourists."

I paid for three beers and departed, feeling that my mitt had been tipped and if I was to get an authentic story I would have to seek it elsewhere. The Beatrice Beats are hep, hip and inclined to be hysterical.

Next stop, the Anxious Asp where the rest rooms are papered in the Kinsey Report. I ordered an Aspburger and a beer and awaited developments. They were not long, as the old man lamented, in coming. Two boyish girls, slack-clad and crew cut, took seats next to mine. Immediately one decided that she knew me. "Didn't I see you a few months ago with Tempest Storm? I just love stripteasers and, My Gawd, that Tempest!" She gestured to indicate the immensity of Storm's attributes.

Was Beat just another word for Queer? Next stop, Vesuvius. A guide book aptly describes the joint: "They really collect 'em—all nationalities, plus sailors, young executives, old divorcees, Chinese Bohemians, beards, mustaches, sideburns, tourists and the Beat. If this isn't enough the waitress wears a leotard."

A bearded gent wearing a beret, a leather jacket, yellow shoes and blue jeans was vending photographs from table to table. Most of the pictures were post-card size and were views of scenic points in and around the Bay area. I asked him if he had any life studies of North Beach characters, hoping to come up with a picture or two to properly illustrate this book.

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Even the callowest Beat chick will revel in crazy under-attire, exotic trappings, "gone" shoes and eccentric jewelry. Many profess an interest in art but few can tell the difference between a Rembrandt and a Bosch. (Posed by professional model Arby Lynn and photographed by Ted Jones).

"I am not a photographer," he announced. "I am a writer. But, since I cannot write because I have no room of my own, I peddle pictures. Here's a wonderful shot of the Golden Gate Bridge."

"I bought three pictures for forty-five cents and then inquired: 'Do you know a photographer that might have some interesting photos of typical residents of this area? I am a publisher and am interested in anything different or startling....'"

"My God, I know you. You are the King of the girlie books. What in the hell do you want with characters? I thought you only published photos of naked broads. Just a minute—here's the very guy for you, Howard," he called, "come over here. Meet the girlie magazine Sultan."

Howard turned out to be clean shaven, melancholy, shabby. "Are you willing to buy a gallon of wine," he asked, "if I fix it for you at my pad with your choice of three chicks with a guarantee that the attendance will not exceed ten?"



Next stop, The Place. The guide-book says that it is "deep into the jungle of North Beach, where tourists fear to tread—just a small, crowded, smoky room with a little balcony and strange paintings on the walls." The most "in" hangout in North beach. On certain nights anyone with the urge can mount the stairs, lean on a soap-box and pour out his philosophies, frustrations, gripes or humours on the crowd below. This is called "Blabbermouth Night."

There was no oratory the night I visited the Place and this was probably fortunate for it was here that I met a most thought provoking individual.

"Just call me Jack," he said. "I think I know what you are after. You are trying to find out whether there is anything more to it than just sex, wine and wantonness. Take me, I make a buck or two every day. I'm not one of these cats that get money from home or these fags that also get money from home to stay away from home. I don't have a regular job. Why? Well, if I did Uncle would be on me for taxes and forms to fill out. I just don't want to be a square. It isn't worth it. I mean, it's trouble, worry, responsibility and— for what? A suit that looks just like a million others? A car I can't park?"

"I've got a pad now with two chicks. One gets a few bucks a month from home and she's supposed to be studying painting. But, she's too full of wine most of the time to lift the brush. The other girl is colored and she works as a waitress. She poses in the nude for some of the painters and sculptors but they hardly ever give her anything and sometimes keep her out all night. The negro girl is good for lots of kicks and she and I have been getting high about twice a week. However, I think I'll have to blow the joint. The two chicks are going for each other and this I can't dig. I mean, there's only one tooth brush."



Final stop, the Cellar, a jazz-emporium where poets apout verse. Here I met Nettle who said: "I get my jollies with jazz if I have pod but it grates me, man, when I'm not high."

During one of the infrequent lulls in the bedlam another of the Beat chicks was approached. What were her plans for the evening? "I'm in with a wine party if a certain person can promote a jug," she stated, gulping the beer providence had provided. "However, the 'live ones' are leaning. The bastards spend their unemployment checks downtown and then come out here and try to make a Beat party with no pair. I don't mind a pad proposition providing there's something in it. No, I don't mean money. I'm not a whore. But, I mean, Man, let's face it, there's got to be something to blow besides sex. I want kicks, alright, but I mean dynamic kicks, Man! Do you dig me?"



THE STRIPTEASE QUEENS IN ACTION



Gyrations of strip-tease Queens delight and fascinate Beatniks and when they are either in the chips or sponsored they patronize the "bump and grind" emporiums in Los Angeles and elsewhere. (Photographed by William C. Thomas).



GENEROUSLY SUPPLIED

BEARDED "BEAT" 'ON THE THUMB'

We were twisting around and around somewhere in the Blue Ridge mountains and driving was difficult not only because of the multitudinous and hair-breadth curves but also because it was raining like Jehovah was dousing the terrain from a gigantic watering can.

Suddenly, between swipes of the wiper, my wife espied a tall, cadaverous curiosity standing under a tree, wringing the water out of a red beard like it was flannel underpants just out of a wash. "Dere is a Beestnik!" she pronounced Polishly.

I was only going at a snail's pace and it was relatively easy to pull over to the side of the road and still avoid both an abyss and mud. Red Beard was headed south whereas we were bound north and because I am facetious by nature, I called to him across the highway: "Are you a publisher?"

This capricious question was inspired by the fact that I was myself, at the time, a publisher and every hitch-hiker we had passed was so labeled by me, greatly adding, I imagined, to the fun of the trip.

Red Beard pushed a battered cap back over his long hair. The bill of the cap dripped anyway. He opened the collar of a moth invaded rain coat and scratched his scrawny neck in an effort to aid articulation. "A publisher? Man, maybe I am. Aren't publisher's pimps? I am a pimp."

"Drive on," my Polack Pretty commanded nervously. "Dis gay is nuts."

I patted her knee. "Where are you going, Mr. Pimp?" I inquired. "It's no good going south for the winter when it is now Spring. Are you, by any quirk of fate, headed in the wrong direction?"

My wife shuddered and emitted a despairing gasp as Red Beard crossed to our side of the road and peered in at us through the slight opening at the top of the side window. My wife is aware of my penchant for palaver with anybody and she disapproves of my conversational conduct most of the time.

"I am not going anywhere man, I am gone. That is to say, destination is derived from destiny. If, as you say, I am going south perhaps, actually, I am not going at all but, dig this if you can man, I am coming. Coming and going are, actually man, the same thing. The point is, man, to arrive. . .that's what I seek, fellow. . .to arrive and then, possibly, survive."

"It is unlikely that you will go, come or arrive if you don't get off of the road. I wouldn't want your theories mashed by an oncoming machine. Hop in the back and I'll drive you to the nearest coffee dispensary and there we will discuss this abstract thinking. At least be smart enough to come in out of the rain."



He acceded with alacrity, his drenched coat dripped on things feminine which were in the back seat, thus causing my wife's brow to further furrow and, as a most indelicate odor began to pervade the entire interior, her nervous proboscis tilted upward, disdainful and in disgust.

"Man, you are the most," Red Beard allowed as I continued to wend our perilous way. "There is such a thing as getting washed away. I mean, man, without an ocean or a wave. Maybe, if I stood there long enough, I would gradually turn to water or vapor and drip into the Mississippi river. I assure you man, that if this happened, I sure as hell would flood Joplin, Missouri."

"What's the matter with Joplin?"

"It's square, man, it's square. Do you know that now they are banning books in Joplin? I mean, man, even Mark Twain and man, he lived there. Now they say Huckleberry Finn encourages juvenile delinquency. Do you dig juvenile delinquents?"

"Ah," I said with relish. "Juvenile delinquents! Wonderful subjects for publishers and cinema romanticists. A pain to the police since they seem to commit all crimes without fear of retaliation. Crime without punishment. If they do make durance vile they escape the army."

"Most of them are beat," Red Beard informed. "The sociologists don't dig the army bit. They think the juves rape, strangle, mangle, murder and perform mayhem because of something they read in a comic book or because of a picture of a naked woman they saw on a calendar or clipped from a magazine. The psychologists don't get that draft bit, either, man. Man, you dig the most."

"Dis dig, dig, dig," my wife complained. "Can you do noddings but dig?"

"Yes, that's it! I must dig, dig, dig. You've got it, Ma'am, you've got it!"

"You've dug it," I interjected, turning the car into one of those abyssal dives that dot the southern scene. Hamburgers, Breakfast Served

All Day. Coca-Cola. Jax on Tap. Plate Lunches. Red Beard dismounted and pulled open the door for my wife which only slightly alleviated her ruffled regality and disinclination for continued discourse.

It was still raining promiscuously and we hurried into the lunchroom, my wife and I, that is. Red Beard took his time, inspecting our car, the driveway and the entrance. When he entered he removed his ragged raincoat and spread it about a hat-rack, the better to dry. Then he wrung out his cap and only giggled when the counterman stared grumpily at the puddles on the floor. Red Beard's costume now consisted of a red and worn sweater beneath which an incredibly filthy sweat shirt was revealed. A pair of once gray slacks that were soaked from the knees to his bedraggled high button shoes, stylish in the twenties. To the amazement of my wife, who was carefully inspecting a chair for dust and wiping it with a paper napkin, Red Beard pulled a coin from a pocket and started the juke box. As the machine trumpeted, he began to snap his umbilicus and sway his pelvic region in time to the music, snapping his fingers and hissing, "Yes, yes! Blow men, blow!"



"Sit down, Elvia," I twitted, pulling out a chair as far from my wife as the table would permit. I was impressed with Red Beard's energy. Here he'd been standing for maybe hours in the rain as autos swished by, ignoring him or else laughing at his grotesqueness. Standing resolute if not confident in the 'bloody but unbowed' tradition, going he knew not where and evidently didn't care but now that succor had arrived in the person of me. Instead of resting on his good fortune, he was rocking and rolling with a quarter of his own money which no self-respecting bum would ever spend on such foolishness. If Red Beard was an example of the "best generation" he was an interesting one.

He pulled the chair between his legs and thrust his long arms under it and began beating the bottom with his open palms bongo drum style, all in beat to the juke jive, muttering "Yes, Yes," rolling his eyes backward in his head, spasmodically jerking his narrow shoulders and thus attracting the attention of a group of tourists who were disconsolately studying a map and a brush salesman with an anguished, hungry look.

"My Gott," my wife croaked. "Dis is so embarissin. Everybody lookin. Are you completely craze?"

Red beard stopped drumming and for the first time appeared forlorn. "I'm sorry," he said contritely, "those horns send me and I forget where I am. Will you, Ma'am, accept my sincerest apologies for my curious conduct?"

"Order coffee or somedings unt let's go," my wife directed in her inimitable accent which she liked to think people thought French.

"What is your name and where are you from?" I inquired of Red Beard as a dubious potation was served by the counterman who sniffed his displeasure as he set a cup near my weird companion who immediately stopped most of the coffee into the saucer and proceeded to slurp it noisily and with theatrics doubtless calculated to astonish the tourists who were alert to his every move.

"My name," he hoarsed, deliberately loud enough for the tourists to overhear, "is Jon Gabor and I am an illegitimate son of one of the Gabors, I forget which if I ever rightly knew. I am a pimp by profession but at the moment I am out of girls and am looking for a few to seduce and then lead into a shameful life behind drawn shutters in an all nationality bordello."

My wife arose from the table and banged the door as she made for the car. The juke box died out with one last lingering moan. The tourists were upon the edge of their respective seats, ears and eyes wide. The counterman and the brush peddler stared.

"What are you full of?" I let my voice drop into little more than a whisper. "Stop acting for these tourists. I can be a friend."

"Well, what is it that you want, man?" serious at last. "You pick me up and bring me the wrong way, buy me a cup of muck and proceed to psychoanalyze me. . . is that it? I mean, man, if you want to find out what makes me tick, you'll never find out from me. How the hell do I know? What do I care?"

"I only thought I might be able to help you in some way."



"Man, did I ask you for anything? I was going the other way. I still am. So are you. What am I... a bug under a microscope? You want to discover how many legs I have, the color of my wings? Maybe you'll want to mate me with a spider and create some new kind of insect. Man, you are making me mad... I mean liked, man, liked!"

I looked around, a little nervously as Red Beard had allowed his voice to rise. Outside, sitting in the car, my wife pouted. The tourists delayed their departure, hoping for some exciting entertainment. The brush man laughed. I thought, I'll have to bluff this bird.

"Look," I said, "I only want to be friendly. If I kidded you a little, so what? Stop acting. You are a fake. This exhibition is only to keep up your guts. What the hell... where do you get off acting high, mighty and independent? I'll stake that Cadillac and the woman in it to that crumby coat of yours that you haven't eaten, bathed or had a drink in 48 hours and that you stuck your last quarter in that awful machine just to impress me!"

"Alright, man, go ahead. Break my spirit. I'm down... go ahead, step on me. Squash me under your foot."

I beckoned to the counterman. "Let's have some beer here," I said. "Also, some ham and eggs."

My wife began to honk.

I knew I was in for a complaint of major proportions from my little wife but now that I had broken him down, I was determined to learn all about Red Beard and satisfied to take some measure of sadistic pleasure in so doing, as he had divined. Ignoring the continued tooting from without, I piled my companion with beer and with eggs, insidiously pecking at his protective armour, fencing his guard down, feinting, shifting, thrusting until, with his belly full and the beer beginning to warm more than just his innards, he was ready to tell all, anxious to, in fact.

But it wasn't until I had driven to the next burg, dropped him in a tourist court, gave him some of my clothes and a pint of whiskey, a night's sleep, an early and hearty breakfast and hit the New York turnpike that I finally got his story.

What incredible motivation can start a man down a highway in a storm without money, a whole cloth to his back or even a clear reason for so doing?

The answer is, of course, that Beatniks do all things upon the spur of the moment. Perhaps you have been in say a bar and for no particular reason you decide to leave that bar and go to another one which may not even be as good as the first one. But, you just go. However, you wouldn't suddenly decide to leave your home, job, friends and even family for no better reason than to change the scenery.

A Beatnik will.



"May I check your underthings Madam?"

ADVENTURES 'ON THE ROAD'



When they let me out of the army I didn't know what to do with myself. I have no family unless you count an uncle who runs a grocery store in Lincoln, Nebraska. My real name is Jon Havness and I am of Norwegian descent. Before my stint in the armed forces I was a jack-of-all trades around Minneapolis and St. Paul. I had lots of jobs, man, but no kicks. I mean, nothing inspired me. I was a bus boy, a clerk in a flea-bag and a rubber in a Turkish bath.

I don't have much in the way of formal education. Of course, I've read a lot both in the army, reform school, in jail, and in the public libraries on rainy days. Before that I read everything around the orphanage and the trade school they sent me to. I never did learn any trade, but, I'm better than a green hand with a typewriter and if I could ever think of a good plot I might become a writer. If I ever had any ambition it must have been to become an author. Man, I mean I used to write a lot of letters. I'd write these big corporations and tell them I was a mathematician or an electronics engineer or maybe a lab technician. Sometimes they'd hire me and then I'd ask 'em to send me a ticket. I've cashed in quite a few railroad and plane tickets and I've ridden on a few, too.

I was just 23 when I got my discharge and since I couldn't see much point in going back to Minnesota, I stayed in New York and had a big ball with my severance pay. But those Greenwich Village cats soon had me empty and all I had left was a pad on Eighth Avenue. There was a chick that liked to pod party with me and when I ran out of loot she used to do a little hustling to keep us in pod, gin and other necessities. I guess that's why I bill myself as a pimp.

I hung around New York for nearly a year. Then I got a chance to drive a car to Chicago and I was there for a few months, scrapping for Dwain Esper in his strip joint on South State, running errands here and there and peddling bore to the musicians. But, Chi will bore you, man. I mean outside of the music it's nothing. So I wrote to some cats who manufacture airplanes in Oakland, California, and they swallowed my pitch and sent me a ticket. Man, that Oakland is miserable. Took me two days to hustle carfare to Frisco, it was that rough. You see all those airplane cats would up was the transportation. I told them I was a draughtsman.

North Beach can get you weary, too, so when a carnie came around with what he said was an easy chore, I went for it. I was to comb my hair down over my face, put a blank, staring look on my kisser and sit in a kind of a pit with about a hundred or so black and white rats of all sizes. I was to wear nothing but a loin cloth. This joker told the suckers a story about how I had been bitten by rats when a baby and how I had to keep getting bitten in order to stay properly poisoned and alive. Well, the damn filthy rodents would crawl all over me and every so often one would take a chew or a nip and it was annoying but this showman was paying me twenty a day and all I had to do was sit there, brush 'em off and drink gin.

One day, in Fresno I think it was, the great impresario came running into the tent with the announcement that the rats weren't getting the response from the public that he thought equitable and that we would throw out the rats and put in snakes. I said, "to hell with you, Doctor Svengali."

He told me that I was being unreasonable and went out, I suppose, to try and find another subject. He was soon back, however, and very conciliatory. He told me that since I was afraid of snakes we would frame a new act for me. He took a little white mouse out of a box and blew cigarette smoke in its face. The mouse immediately passed out.

"Now," he said, "you will take a mouse and pretend to bite off its head. I have some phony candy nice here that you can eat. This act will make this attraction profitable and I will increase your daily stipend to 25."

So, he conned me into it and for a while I was getting away with it. Women were screaming in horror and even fainting and my producer sold nothing but tickets. Then a noney dame came in and began to watch me very carefully, so carefully in fact that I couldn't make the switch.

"Go ahead and eat that mouse, you fakir!" the woman commanded and she got me sore.

So, I bit the noggin right off that unconscious mouse and I'll confess that the taste was terrible. I spit the head out quick but the blood was running down my chin and I guess it was horrible alright.

The dame ran out of the joint and called the Bureau for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or some such thing and the gendarmes closed the show. I went to Hollywood.

I had some money from my Geek act and so I bought a new pair of slacks and a loud vest and started hanging around some of the queer bars and restaurants in Hollywood. I was waiting for somebody to dis-

Cleanliness may be next to Godliness but it's next to impossible in a cold-water walk-up. "Beat" chicks lead a primitive existence in subterranean dumps and tottering tenements in New York, San Francisco, Paris and Chicago. It's a miracle that they get as clean as they do. Grimy necks and dirty legs are usually visible in any gathering of the "Beat." (Posed by professional model Gail West and photographed by George Boardman.)





One thing all "Beats" love is the sound of their own voice. In Chicago's "Bughouse" Square the grotesquely clad Beatniks scream and shout and a few discuss, with some intelligence, a great variety of subjects. Bill Smith, with the beard, is one of the more literate of the soap-boxers and says that he leads his style of life through "perception, deduction and choice," whatever that means. He spends his spare time as a clerk in Maury's book shop at 858 N. State St., local meeting place of the clan and the curious, the latter buy the paper-back books, the former read 'em on the premises.



cover me. Maybe I'm another James Dean, I thought. Sure enough a fag director spotted me and said he would put me in pictures but he dropped me like a smoldering chunk of lava when I got high on pot in his boudoir and auditioned for Tarzan, mating call and all.

He put the finger on me as a troublemaker and the fairy fine people started playing the ignore for me so I decided that it might be the time to go to Las Vegas and try my luck although all I had for a stake was the red vest.

They put me on as a shill in one of the joints and I was doing alright but the principal of the thing began to bother me. Here they were paying me to stand around and make like I was gambling and watching me and every silver dollar so that I couldn't gaffe a single one for myself. What chance has the chump got in a game like that? Here's Joe E. Lewis, Lily St. Cyr and a stage full of broads and steaks and fancy drinks and the price is so right that the betting dodge has to pay the way. It



isn't fair or equal in any way so when they sent me into a crap game I decided on a daring move. You are only allowed to bet a buck at a time, when you are a "stick", but I started chunking it in and soon got fifty dollars winner. I started to walk out of the joint but they put a tail on me, caught me a few blocks away and those dago cats really worked me over and snatched the money, too!

So, now I was non compis mentis in Las Vegas.

Over in Ely, Nevada, where I hitch-hiked, I ran into some cats who were working a really clever racket. They were peddling fruit they bought in Salt Lake City from house to house. It works like this, you go to the door with an apple or an orange or whatever you are peddling, invite the lady of the house to take a sample bite and then sell her a bushel box. Then you go to the truck and fill up a box and bring it back to the house and tell your customer that you have to have your box back. So, you dump the apples, collect and depart. Here's the gaff: one third of the box has been sawed off and the end nailed back in so that they are really getting only two thirds of a box and then since the apples are not packed but piled in loose, the buyer is really bilked. Now these apples have been frozen and they'll only keep for a day or two and so you see what Roosevelt meant when he said, "Let the buyer beware."

I was doing real cool in the peddling profession until one day I went to a door and here comes one of those juicy housewives that you see pictured in the Good Housekeeping Magazine, I mean seductive, man, seductive! Well, she said she'd like to have some apples but that her husband had forgotten to leave any change around the house and wondered if she couldn't get a little credit. I said the credit was not possible due to the fact that the fruit business was on the move but suggested that instead of credit we use barter. She said to come in and we would talk it over and during the afternoon I was there the cats with the truck drove off and left me. Only thing I could do was take my apples back, sell them next door and go on to Salt Lake.

There is a town, man! Those Mormon chicks treated me like Brigham Young and there's no point in having this one at a time bit either. Man, you can double and triple-up. All you need is a pad and a few sticks but even heavy juice will do. If I ever find a wallet with lots of loot, man, I return to Salt Lake. You can have your chateau on the Riviera. Me, I'll take Salt Lake and all those Nympho chicks.

I had a pad in a cheap hotel and I got acquainted with a girl there who was hitting the bricks and doing real good. How the hell she could sell it when there was so much of it for free puzzled me until I came to realize that there was a big Chinese population in Salt Lake. This chick brought me to her room when I got what is known as "falling of the room rent" and we got along real good. I mean this broad wasn't interested in television. She only wanted to get high and try it this way and that and she had some really different routines. One morning she woke me up and asked me to get her a glass of water. I was groggy and it was all I could do to stagger into the bathroom. There was a glass of water



sitting on top of the toilet so I grabbed it and brought it to her. She had douche powder mixed in it and she swore that I had tried to poison her.

It was late fall in Salt Lake and it was chilly and going to get cold, indeed, and I had to score for a benney or leave town or both. I went into a Chink lottery joint and told the boss that I had lost all my sheep shearing money there and that if he didn't kick back a few bucks I would go to the police. He gave me a fin, man, to get rid of me. I bought a pea-jacket for a fat deuce in a hock shop and caught a ride to Denver with a trucker.

Now there is a place to be from. I can't say that my Denver hiatus was exactly enjoyable although I did have a few balls with those taxi-dance chicks. They squirm around all evening rubbing up the customers and they manage to get their own furnace hot. I'll still take Salt Lake.

I don't want to sound like a soap opera character so there's nothing much more to report in the way of adventure. It was just tough. I started looking for a job in Denver but everybody wanted to know my telephone number and I didn't even have a paid pad. I finally gave it up and caught another truck to Chicago and I did get a job there peddling ice cream in a louse ridden picture show but you can see for yourself that there is but little if any future in that branch of the ice cream business. Nothing to build a career on. One day a well dressed guy came into this South State street palace of amusement and bought some ice cream from me and said he would come back that night and buy me a few drinks. I figured he was another faggot but it turned out that he only wanted to watch me with his wife. They did give me a suit of clothes and a couple of shirts.

So, I don't know, the wind was blowing and it was snowing and so instead of going to Florida I saved my ice cream money and rode a bus to Newark, New Jersey. Soon I was back in the Village, doing whatever came naturally. Then about a week

ago a couple of cats took me to a rent party in Harlem. What a ball! Man, we were blowing sticks wrapped like cigars. One of those colored chicks took me into a bedroom and took off all her clothes and so I took off mine. When I woke up, Man, naked . . . my clothes were gone! My good suit had disappeared. I asked around about the suit but no dice. Those black cats were nice enough to give me a pair of pants and a sweater so I could get out. I borrowed a rain coat and some change from a news hutch and just sort of came to the conclusion that a southern trek was in order. I caught a truck through the Holland tunnel and a few more rides and that's how come you found me in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia!





American Beatniks in Paris use a Left Bank cafe, the Monaco, as headquarters. Vernon Maury of Chicago is shown above with Bill O'Driscoll, an American newspaperman who is a sort of father-confessor to the visiting "Beats." "We have some swell orgies in Paris," Maury reports. "There's no such thing as the sky's the limit. In Paree there is no sky! Just ask Bill!"



Maury's book shop is headquarters in Chicago for both the "Beat" and those who would know what makes a Beatnik. The "loners," storming east or hurrying west pause here to reconnoiter, pick up mail and rest briefly. Chess is played from after early afternoon until early morning. Occasionally a tourist buys a book or one of the more affluent of the chess devotees will make a small purchase as a contribution to the light bill and what have you. Vernon Maury is no dope. He was educated at the University of Heidelberg, speaks several languages, languishes in France whenever possible.

"PARTY PADS" REAL ORGIES!

Jon was now an assistant to the publisher and we were all set to go to a Beat party in the Village. Since arriving in New York I had convinced Jon that there were discrepancies in the Beat philosophy. "It's all very well for you not to care what happens or when but it's another thing to be stranded in the rain with an empty belly."

I had Jon crew-cut and decently clad and he could easily pass for a typical New Yorker, even a Grey Flannel Suit type or an Ivy Leaguer. As an assistant to the publisher he was required to bathe and shave, to keep anything morbid out of his conversation, to refrain from blowing pod promiscuously and to introduce me to the "Beat". The BEARD was the FIRST thing to come off.

My wife and her mother were dispatched to Atlantic City as her opinion of the Beatnik league had not undergone a metamorphosis comparable to Jon's "Dis man is no goot," she asserted. "Many men like him in Russia and Poland stand around and beg. He will double cross it you sure as hell. Vatch him, he's a ba-yk (bun)."

The party was to be in a Washington Square basement. It was understood that all guests were to deposit a buck in a bucket and to bring their own libations. I selected two quarts of Old Granddad since the elderly gentleman is usually kinder to me the morning after and took along a pint of gin as a possible additional contribution or for trading purposes.

The Beat may not care why, whence or where but there are those among them not averse to making a Kopeck. There was, definitely, a commercial angle to the party. A juke-box required quarters to operate and a doorman watched the bucket with interest that would discourage One Eyed Connelly. The basement was just one big ugly and dank room. An attempt had been made to dress it up by hanging a few Lautrec posters and a couple of surrealist reproductions. A collection of broken-down

couches, cots and miscellaneous chairs lined the walls. There was one toilet which was in constant use. All that the host had supplied was some dirty glasses, pitchers of water and a bowl of cold and soggy popcorn.

Attendance was down this evening, somebody said, but there was about thirty heterogeneous persons present and when we first arrived they seemed glum, studied, indifferent and not talkative. Then the various elixirs began to take some effect and the party became more animated. Somebody said, "Let's play 'I Want To Be.'"

In this game, similar to charades, whoever is "it" states what he or she wants to be and is then required to act the part out.

"I want to be a squirrel," one weirdo announced and began climbing around the backs of the chairs and other furniture with his hands and arms between his legs to indicate a tail.

The party was whooping up and without the stimulation of pod which was banned because passing gendarmes might detect the smell.

"This is Frieda," Jon said, indicating a chubby chick. "She's been to France and Mexico, man, and everywhere. Frieda is an advocate in the cultural renaissance. Isn't that what you call it, Frieda?"

Frieda was pale and her black hair seemed glued to her head with bangs that were also plastered down and long side-burns that indicated that her short hair cut was of her own preference and not from necessity. She wore horn rimmed glasses that were more like goggles and the lenses accentuated her large brown eyes which blinked like signals. The nose was short and thin as were the lips which were heavily adorned with lipstick but she wore no other make-up. She was a little girl but a full figure bloomed under a sweater and tight, mannish, slacks.





Long black hose, symbolic of the "Death Wish," are worn by Beat chicks who have also copied the under attire of exotic dancers.

"I call it crap," Frieda said. "Pour me a belt of that whiskey. I haven't had any whiskey all day. Do you always drink whiskey? Gay and frisky they call it in 'Frisco. Those cats on the coast are all gay with or without whiskey. They are not always so frisky. What's your name?"

"This is Mister Wall, the publisher that I am an assistant to," Jon supplied. "He wants to hear the story of your life."

A curiosity in a corner declared that he wanted to be the only man on the island and a group of the chicks surrounded him to take parts in the play. I slid into the couch beside Frieda and began to ply her with the Old Grand Dad. Jon wandered away and came back with the proprietor.

"This stinking game!" he, the boss, ejaculated, throwing his arms about in disgust. "That machine has got to get some money," pointing at the juke box. "I guarantee then five bucks to get it put in. Does anybody play it? The only thing these cats are putting in is time on the pad. That machine hasn't taken in a single quarter."

"You do OK," I observed. "A buck admission. What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong he asks. I'll tell you what's wrong. This basement costs me a finif a night and that phonograph a finif. That's ten bucks right there. What about my investment? All this furniture costs money. Then, if the joint gets gaffled, the coppers nail me and maybe I go to the pokey. On top of that everybody lugs me. You'd think I was Billy Rose. They want to borrow. They want free drinks. They want to use my upstairs pad, my tooth-brush and my girl."

"Ohhh, bullshit," Frieda screamed. "You wouldn't give away your nail parings." She turned to me and took a grip upon my lapel. "You know what he does every morning? He shakes this furniture down. He looks under every cushion. He gets down on the floor and peeks everywhere. One morning he found eighty cents. I know. I was here."

"You talk too much," the promoter said, scratching the head under a black beret. He perked up as the bucket twanged two more bucks. He went to scrutinize the new-comers.

Frieda took a slug of booze out of the bottle and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She gave her hair a pat with slim fingers complete with green colored nails. "I get to tell the story of my life quite often," she said. "I have more lives than the proverbial cat. Mostly I narrate the case histories for the tourists. Which one of my nine versions would you like to hear, Mr. Wall?"

I said, "all of them," and took a shot myself. Jon began to play "I want to be a Eunuch and Frieda and I were, relatively speaking, alone."

She put her hand upon my knee, gave it a warm pinch, and said: "If I do tell all, is there any reward?"

"All the whiskey you can drink," I replied, removing her hand self-consciously and with all the blushing timidity of a country boy with his first lady of the evening.

She proceeded to fill a water glass with grog, gulped it with surprising equanimity and fixed me with an amused stare. "What's with you?" she asked. "Are you a Rover Boy or Scout? Don't be frightened, I won't bite—much!" She laughed delightedly.

"I'm so prude," I stated, realizing how ridiculous my words sounded.

"Aren't you one of those writers who want to live what they write about?"

"I'm a publisher. I only want to find out if there really is a story in you individualists. I'll make a few mental notes and if I decide that there's a real book... then maybe I'll write it or get somebody else to."

"Hemingway, Miller or your assistant?"

"Let's have a drink."

We did, did, did and did. Soon the room assumed the proportions of the rotating barrel in the fun house at Coney Island. The room was hot. I

had difficulty in maintaining my equilibrium. I didn't protest when Frieda, steady as the rock of Gibraltar, led me, stumbling, to the pad upstairs.

"There will be no fee," the proprietor said, "if we are going to get some favorable publicity."

Sex with Frieda was an obsession, a constant thing to repeatedly find pleasure in and to experiment with. Her mind was agile, alert and percolating with ideas, sexual and otherwise.

"I'm down here with the Beat but I don't consider myself beat," she told me when I had partially regained my faculties. "I don't want to die. I want to really live. I want to experience everything. I want to know what everything feels like. I want to think about it. I want to anticipate and then absorb. Everything. I'm like a gourmet who savors every spice. I've been whipped until I've cried out in agony. I've been petted until I almost, literally, floated away. Can you understand?"

"I think so," I replied, replenishing my glasses. "You want thrills—isn't that it, actually? You want life to be the high dip on a roller coaster that never stops dropping. You want to be breathless, whether in agony, despair or ecstasy. Do I dig you?"

She looked at me in amazement, her big eyes widened, her mouth opened. "You've got it," she admitted, "that's it... yes, that's it!"

"You are a sensualist. It's that simple."

"I don't know, that is... well, do you really want to hear my story?"



A CHICK CONFESSES



I guess that you'd say that my father was well to do. That is, my Father made enough money in the Building business to send me to the best schools and satisfy my taste in wardrobe. I had all of the benefits and many privileges but I just couldn't seem to get anything out of anything. Nothing interested me, especially, except having a good time. When I got on a painting kick it was easy enough to sell my parents on letting me go to Paris to study art. I guess I was grating on them.

Naturally, I gravitated to the Left Bank and was soon involved with a broup of pseudo-intellectuals, bad painters, poor poets and embryonic writers. Everybody was looking for kicks and since I got money from home I had plenty of friends. However, in all honesty, none of these people did me any harm. "Don't bother with Freddie, he's as odd as a monkey on the Eiffel tower. Watch out for Mildred, she's woman hungry. All Max wants is your money." And so on.

It wasn't until a boy friend from New York arrived that I began to experience the crazy notions. He came over on a tourist ticket and soon ran out of money but before he did he introduced me to about everything cool and low-down in the town. He used to take me to the peep shows and then bring the performers home and about the second time this happened we both got in the act.

After my boy friend left, I was still mixed up with the odd ball people. Unlike them, I wanted only kicks and not money. They used me in their shows and kept my part of the pay.

One night the show was going on in a basement in the Montmartre. There was a small stage at one end of the room and the visitors observed while seated on the cushioned floor in absolute darkness. We couldn't see them but they could certainly see us as we did our orgiastic best under floodlights. Out of the ink, I heard a voice, "My God, that's Freddie..." Somebody from home.

I ran off the stage, trembling and sobbing. With shaking fingers I got my clothes on and hurried to my hotel. I got the next boat home, chastened, disgusted and disillusioned with the world. I knew myself for a degenerate thrill hunting fool. I've never gone in for sex quirks like that since. I don't want to be hurt. I'm no longer an exhibitionist. No longer a masochist. I've had it. What I want now is something new. Any suggestions?

After I got home I kept feazing the moment when I would meet the unknown person who had recognized me in that despicable show. I said I wanted to go to Mexico to paint and my folks agreed that maybe I would find inspiration there.

I signed up for an art class in Mexico City and really took an interest...really tried. The instructors said I had talent but whether they meant it or not or if it was just a part of the con they give stupid students to keep them paying, I couldn't be sure. Anyway, I daubed away and

soon had an apartment full of canvases. They may still be there.

By this time bartenders, waiters and others were pointing me out as a painter. One evening in the bar at the Del Prado hotel, a cute chick started giving me the eye. She wanted her portrait painted but we never did find the time to do it. We went to Guatemala together, Acapulco and a few other places. We never could get accustomed to the altitude in Mexico City and a few drinks would make us falling down drunk. So we started going the pod route.

One night we were in a taxi and fairly leaping with pod. The girl accused me of this, that and everything. One word led to another and the first thing you know we were fighting like a couple of game-cocks, pulling, tearing, ripping and scratching. The driver stopped the cab, remonstrated, tried to part us and then called the police. We wound up in jail, half naked and beat up. They found some pod in my purse and while the Mexican coppers don't make a big deal out of it like they do here, they still decided our kind of touring was reprehensible and they deported us.

We wound up in Juarez; I to take a 'plane home, she to work in a bagnio, I guess.

I stayed home for a few months and then I just sort of wandered down here to the Village. I found a little apartment over on 3rd street and I've been here ever since.

You understand, I feel dirty. I can't stand it to be around my parents. I think that to touch them would somehow soil them. Then, I'm not cured if I have been sick. I must have kicks. Naturally, I'm not going to inhale pod in my mother's home. I couldn't bring any of my friends there. Why, if my mother and father ever saw these people, they'd just about die. Not that they'd understand what the score was. People like us just don't even exist in their world.

I go home every now and then and I keep in touch by 'phone. They think I'm still studying art and I have an easel and some paints in

IT WAS A GAY NIGHT





The "Beats" get abroad by plunking down a couple of hundred dollars for a third class ticket aboard one of the luxury liners. Then, they con or sneak their way into the second class ballroom and make the party, as the above photo, taken aboard the Ill De France, indicates. They really have a ball all the way over. Once they arrive in Paris they have only 30 days to stay and must leave the country after that length of time. They simply pop over to London or Brussels and come back in a day or two for another thirty day sotted sojourn.

my apartment so that I can put on an act when they drop in, which isn't often, thank God. I believe that they know that something is wrong with both me and my way of life but they want to ignore it. They don't want to discover anything that would hurt or shock them and I certainly don't want them to. What they don't know won't hurt them. I don't honestly think that I can help being the way I am, however it is.

Oh, I've tried psychoanalysis. I went to a head-shrinker for three days in a row. The couch routine and everything. The fourth day he told me that I was inhibited and didn't know it. The next thing he was pulling down my pants. I told a friend about it and he claimed this guy was an exception and that there were high class probers who could help me. He gave me the name of another fellow and I tried to call his office a few times but he could never be disturbed. Guess he was out consulting his own analyst. His nurse gave me an appointment but I got loaded and didn't keep it.

I've often tried to figure myself out. I'm a caterpillar but I can't kid myself that I'm going to turn into a butterfly. You'll say, I suppose, that I'm a nymphomaniac and that's it. But, it's more than that. It's not that I want any one thing or any one kick. I want every earthly experience. Nobody has to tempt me. I'll go for anything, anybody. But, like I've said, I don't want to die. Even when I'm so disgusted with myself that I can scarcely stand to look at my own reflection, I never get a suicidal idea. It's the one thing I would never do, knock myself off, I mean. I exist and that's the one fact I can cling to, know for sure and believe in. Everything else has a catch, a gimmick or there's a trick to it. As long as I am alive I know I'm alive and I can be sure of it every time I draw my breath. If I was dead, then I'd be nothing and even if I don't know what I am alive at least I'm something.

I'm like the guy that keeps hitting himself on the head with a hammer because it feels so good when he stops. I keep driving myself into everything. I don't want to miss anything.

The only people who will tolerate me are the one's here in the Village or some place like it. Of course, I can put on an act. I can go up to Madison Avenue and drink in the bars with the squares and all it gets me is boredom. If I can't be myself I'm uneasy. I'm afraid I'll forget my lines or that somebody will spot me like that night in Paris and accuse me or expose me. Here I'm safe and here I'm free and I can't hurt anybody. Not even myself.

When Frieda dozed I went below for more whiskey. The juke box was now in tympanic action and several additional persons had arrived. I sought the promoter. I have not described this individual because I have agreed not to. Suffice me to say, without betraying his identity that he once was a leading restaurateur and concessionaire in the New York City area.

While not exactly elated, the upturn in business made his expression less sour. "You know, that broad is batty," he said, pointing to the upstairs. "She told you the Parisian peep-show story? Ninety per cent of it is the product of her own vivid imagination and neurotic dreams. She's just another dame with hot pants and a guilt complex."

"I know these people," he went on, after agreeing to lend me a bottle, "most of them are juvenile delinquents over 21. They mistake licentiousness for freedom."

"What one thing," I inquired, "would you say, was the biggest contributing factor in creating a Beat?"

"A silly question. You've only to look around this room. Look at that Queen trying to put his arms

around your assistant. Look at 'em all, six out of ten are as odd as a Mickey Cohen in congress. This is the only society in which queens can mingle. They are not ostracized here. So, sex perversion is your number one motivation."

"Surely you wouldn't say that most Beatniks are perverts."

"No, I suppose not. I'm only referring to the strata of the Beat society that I cater to and come in contact with the most. There's another segment that doesn't dig the odd sex routine. They are the one's who don't give a damn about anything and haven't the energy to indulge any quirk. All they want is pod. They say, 'The bomb will drop anyway. There's nothing I can do about it. Why should I try? The square, knocking himself out to pay for a car, a washer, hairdos, a house and the dubious education of his children, flattens in, follows his nose, does as he's told and tries to blend with the mob...and why? To forget about that bomb!'"

"That kind of Beat doesn't come to my parties, unless somebody brings him and supplies the back and the lush. There are chicks that just sit and dream. They try something like Yogi. They want to escape everything, try to stay aloof, refuse to engage in anything purposeful





Beat broads don't usually care what time it is but the odd pad will boast a clock. Posed by a Professional model, photo by Enterprise.

"BEAT" BROADS CURIOUSLY CAVORT

with PAGAN PLEASURE!

and even avoid controversy, except when they are real high and then they will out-talk a radio announcer and argue about everything from the second coming to the efficiency of a deodorant."

"What's the cause? Don't they aspire to anything?"

"It's difficult for an uneducated man like me to explain, the problem is too deep and too big to elucidate in a few words. If you want to give the few of them that have really thought the thing out the credit, it would be something like this—a square is gloriously contented with self-centered life and the material rewards. The Beat sees under the gray flannel suit and spots the square for what he really is...nothing. So the Beat says, "The squares pass up all the chances in the world to think and act as individuals. Instead they conform and love it or pretend that they do. We don't want to be a part of a society that ignores its own opportunities. We'd rather wash dishes, mop or be part-time tire changers or Xmas tree decorators. We don't want possessions and we don't want to be possessed. The individual is both helpless and hopeless. Forces can be loosed at any moment that can obliterate civilization. The Beat exchanges the material gratifications for the unobstructed, unguided and irresponsible existence of the "to hell with it" clique.

I haven't tried to describe the promoter's actions and mannerisms. A word here and there has been added, that possibly was not in his vocabulary, to make his statements more understandable. I have omitted many slang expressions and have tried to make him sound clear and concise, because I believe that what he had to say is about as close to

the facts as you can get. I have sacrificed any attempt at characterization to get the story properly told, which is the reporter's first consideration and this is, after all, just that—a report.

To sum up, in his opinion and mine, the cold war conditions under which we live, plus the complexities of our changed government, are disillusioning to a large segment of the population and there are some who simply cannot cope. Others, cynical and unimpressed with flag waving, social security, unemployment insurance and one contraption that will both wash and iron, try to get away from it all by retreating behind a facade of futility.

Are these the crazy, mixed up kids?

Well then, why the ready acceptance of the social outcast, the pervert? This is, plausibly, in retaliation, a slap back at a society that will close up the schools rather than admit a few colored children, a spit at the ignominious who fights integration and is himself illiterate.

These are a few of the things that can be said for the Beats.

Frieda woke up and came downstairs. Several couples were dancing, some men with men and some women with women. Everybody was in some stage of intoxication. Somebody was playing, "I want to be a whore house Madam." Jon took off a girl's stocking and showed her how to tie a bowlen. The promoter and I, nipping the bottle I had borrowed, continued our discussion.



Sharon Sinclair plays the part of a "Pad" party chick for photographer George Dawson.



FANTASIES OF A FOOL

If I were to attempt to write a motion picture script about the Beat Generation it would be difficult, indeed, to fashion a story that would be acceptable within the current Hollywood boundaries. In the first place, any character that I might create resembling heroic proportions would be ridiculous. There are no ruddy cheeked American boys among the Beats. There are no misunderstandings, mixed up kids to straighten out for the final clinch. To dream up a hero that would renounce his evil ways and stick a thumb in the dike would be preposterous.

The only way I might possibly knit a credible and creditable screenplay would be to have the principal characters, the hero and the heroine, outside the Beat and to chronicle their actions in "saving" one or a group of the Weirdies. Here again I would be stumped because I have yet to meet a Beat cat or chick that would stand still for being rescued. Like Popeye they are strictly, "I yam what I yam," and short of whisking one from subject poverty to fabulous riches it would be ludicrous and certainly unrealistic to imagine one responding to any reasonable approach.

I have toyed with the thought that possibly love could do it and then I've had to face the inescapable facts. Even in this "grown up" era of cinema concocting, I doubt if the censors would condone the inevitable scene in which the chick dashes to the arms of—not the lead-man—but the leading lady!

No, if I'm going to do a screen play, I'll have to skip actualities and fancy a set of characters and situations that are anything but true to life. Possibly I can go back to the ancient Athenians, first showing that they were the only free people in the history of the world. I could close-up Demosthenes orating. Declaring, "Athenians, if you deprive them of liberty, they die!" For this part I would cast Gregory Peck on the premise that he would look good in a toga. I could shoot a few of the war

scenes with the Spartans and then portray the terrible disintegration of the noble Greeks who began their downfall by putting security and comfort before liberty. How slackness, softness and fiddling at the fountain of sex fuddled them and led to their eventual ruin. There would be some good bit parts here for big-breasted actresses.

I could draw some kind of analogy (twist the gregarious Greeks and the Beats, fading from the parthenon to Greenwich Village but this would be as false and as phony as cotton padding on a female fanny. However, since I would not be distorting the historical part of my film drama, I might get 20th Century Fox to buy it. You see, I could show the Beats as liberals and individualists on a sort of sitdown strike against conformity, time payments, television propaganda, the machine-age, mass production and directed thinking.

But, how does my script end? Obviously, the Beats have no chance to win. All they can be shown to do is to endure and suffer. But, the hell of it is, they are not suffering or enduring. They are getting their kicks.

However, I am writing this thing to make a buck so why not let the Beats successfully infect the majority? Manufacturers can no longer produce millions of identical suits and the tailor goes back to work as do lone looms. There is a great to do to recover the abandoned and discarded furniture of the nineties and Grand Rapids has to hire carpenters and artisans again. Schools let out forever and individual education, based on specific talent and proclivity is begun. Radio and television propagandists are jeered and it becomes impossible to sell soap by this means. All soaps, cigarettes and deodorants are proved basically identical. Subterfuge, con and bunk are perceived and ignored or given a Bronx cheer. Assistants to presidents are abolished and bribery is unnecessary. Vicuna coats are not stylish. Anybody can get an Oriental rug by simply going to the orient.

The threat of total destruction is removed when the populous votes out foreign aid and troops and machinery of war are snatched from foreign soil. Business again becomes a matter of the survival of the fittest and shops appear upon the scene as the supermarkets buckle. A man is no longer judged by his car or his money. Consideration is given to ability, willingness and coherence. People are no longer ashamed of poverty. The shame is for the few who will balk, whine and moan when the super automobiles are banned and they are forced to ride with the hoi-polloi. Everybody will really be equal except that the brainiest, the cleverest and the most potent will enjoy rewards beyond the grasp of those who will still adore material things.

Race prejudice will be abolished by the simple expedient of pro-rating the population. One Jew to every Irishman, two negroes to every seven Swedes and so on. When the Jews again corral all of the money they will be required, by law, to give it back. Churches will cease to propagandize and concern their efforts with the soul, leaving the bodies to masseurs. Do-gooders, censors and the astis will be employed as caravansary checkers, doormen, car-parkers, etc. With the return of the baggie, sex maniacs, rapists and pornographers will escape castration. Minority groups will be integrated.

As the story progresses, we will see the population enjoying the fruits of honest toil. Everyone wants to build and to beautify. Frank Lloyd Wright graduates students who chat the construction of homes and buildings that are sometimes blocks apart. Peeping Toms are required to cover considerable ground as the door to door, window to window homes are taken over by ants. Statues are erected, paintings are painted and the classics return to book-shelves.

A man is shot to the moon but comes back with the disappointing report that, "it's just like North Dakota." Another is rocketed to

Mars and upon his return claims to have talked with God. A few of the religious swallow this but turn away when the space traveler fails to announce the end of the world as coming straight from God's mouth.

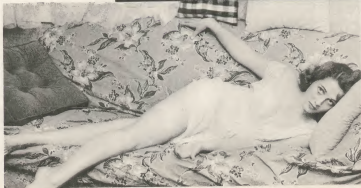
Now my story reaches a state of affairs close to some kind of utopia and a flash-back to the original Beats lets them take a bow as the saviors.

I don't think Darryl Zanuck will go for this story. I can hear him saying, "It's too close to the truth. The truth is not box office."

Maybe I could go the other route and get some real sexy stuff on the wide-screens and in stereophonic sound. Suppose the Beats sell the public on being like them? Everybody sits around, rolls around and staggers around full of pot, gin, beer and heroin. Nobody wants to work, pay taxes, go to the movies, watch television or vote. The whole country goes on a series of kicks. Everybody is hip. Everybody is aware.

Coen rotting in the fields while the populous pops. Something like the burning of Rome. Gregory Peck, dressed in velvet pants, a sweat shirt and a beret can play the fiddle as civilization topples.

No, on second, third and fourth thoughts, I don't think I'll ever pen this opus, in any of its possible plots. However, if Williams or Miller want to do it as a play, they are more than welcome to this memorandum. I guess I'm just too "beat" to dig the real story.



Too Hot To Hold



Among the mighty few chicks of the "pained population" who do have ambition, are some who hanker to become disrobers and join a burley Q company. Publicist Edward DeVere, who has managed professional peelers, allows that this desire indicates exhibitionism and he should know. (Photographed by Peter A. DeCenzie back-stage at the now defunct El Rey theatre, Oakland, California.)



DARLENE'S STRIP-TEASE DEBUT

The promoter was giving a dramatic recital in a new location, another basement containing a small platform which was to serve as a stage. He was sponsoring the debut of Darlene Fazio, billed as an "extramundane actress in pantonines of her own creation."

"I mean this chick gets gassed and dreams up some real gone pieces," Jon stated, hitting a theatrical pose. "I don't know what does it for her, whether it's pod, juice or H. Anyway, she's the craziest. This will be the first time she has ever really rehearsed anything. Always before her performances were, I mean man, impromptu. She's going to get part of the bucket money tonight."

"Always happy to assist in the launching of a coming star," I agreed. "What time does the performance begin?"

"Oh," Jon said. "Darlene has to get into the mood. So what? We follow the usual routine and when she feels keen enough, the show goes on."

The chairs were arranged theatre style for the tableau and we were just getting settled when Darlene appeared upon the platform and asked for volunteers to assist her. Several stood up and disappeared behind a row of blankets which had been hung to mask the off-stage space.

"Darlene is really excited tonight," the promoter told us. "she wants to do her show right now and I am having difficulty in getting her to wait until the crowd arrives. She gets her jollies acting."

A lot of Beats and quite a few tourists and neighborhood curious started coming in, rattling the bucket satisfactorily. Soon the room was almost full. The chairs were all filled and many were sitting on the cement floor.

One of the volunteers came on stage and deposited a chair and a small table. The lights were turned out, all except those which illuminated the platform and a single globe which shone through the blankets. There was a hush of expectancy.

Darlene disappointed no one. She came mincing upon the rostrum, her arms outstretched, her derrière undulating to an unheard rhythm. She was completely and absolutely nude and her lank, too thin body was thrown out of all proportion by pendulous breasts which hung like twin overripe melons and swayed with the motion of her skinny arms. She was so tall that she was forced to stoop slightly lest she bang her head against the ceiling.

The Gillette people would have found Darlene disgusting for, unlike the professional strip-teaser, she was unshaven.

She sweltered about, wiggling, shaking, jerking and twitching. The audience was enthusiastic. There was some whistling, scattered applause and muttered remarks. Darlene came up stage, stood for a moment with her arms upraised and then accomplished a colossal bump which was followed by a pulverizing grind. She then made for the edge of the platform and someone behind the blanket-curtain handed her a dress. She put the dress on, letting it slide slowly down her body, once she had maneuvered it over her head. She then sat in the chair and pretended that she was furiously writing.

"She's impersonating Gypsy Rose Lee," Jon explained. "Gypsy was first a stripper and then she became an author and got rich at it."

Hands from off stage now pantomimed the act of proffering money as Darlene waved aloft papers which were supposed to be the manuscript. Then she again walked to the strands of beads and other objects to represent wealth. Then the off-stage volunteers set up a shout, "Hooray! hooray!" and this was to indicate fame. Darlene walked back to the little table and attempted to mount it to show that she had reached a pinnacle of fame and fortune but the table proved too wobbly and so she discarded this bit of business and contented herself with sauntering about smoking a cigarette through a long holder which was handed to her.

She then seated herself and mimicked the writing of another manuscript. This time the off-stage hands waved refusal. "No! No!" the supers shouted.

Darlene pantomimed disappointment. She then sighed deeply and ran to the edge of the stage with hands palm up. She then pointed to her dress but the off-stage company cried, "No. No." She took the dress off anyway and began the parade again but this time her off-stage audience shouted, "No. No! Put it back on. Put it back on!"

The cry was taken up by the real audience and Darlene's confusion was not altogether acting. She had trouble in getting the people quiet enough so that she could get in her one line, which she delivered while seated at the table, the dress at her feet. "Now," she said throatily, "I am stripped of everything!"

Blackout.

Darlene's debut was a rousing success. For the balance of the evening the stage was in constant use by the females of the audience who were given a chance to display their own histrionic abilities.



There will be, I expect, many readers who will think that I have overdrawn the characters and that the events, in this symposium, are products of my own feverish imagination. Nothing could be further from the truth, difficult as it may be to swallow. The newspapers have carried many stories about Beat parties, especially when they have ended in death, sometimes suicide and other times murder. The police don't like to pinch a Beat party. There's always somebody in attendance who has made an honest mistake or was just slumming. Then, the Beats have a sympathetic press. But the biggest single reason the Coppers duck a Beat party arrest is that they don't want the jail cluttered with dippy rascals who invariably drive the other prisoners frantic. They have to let them all out the next day, anyway, as disorderly conduct and drunk are usually the extent of possible charges.

Charging them with vagrancy is ineffective in that no judge will chance becoming a menace to the arts. One Beat, so accused, shouted his innocence and began to read poetic drivel in court until the magistrate banged his gavel and turned him loose in despair.

If anything is off key, here, it may be the jargon that the Beats substitute for talk. It's a mixture of musician's jive, 'Frisco slang and carnival argot interspersed with hundreds of "mans!" I haven't quoted nearly enough of the "I mean, man—" expressions which proceed nearly every sentence in true Beat speech.

John Haynes, like the majority of the semi-educated Beat, could switch his speech from the Beat world argot to more intelligible language but many habitués of the Village and North Beach bistros were not so gifted, unable to utter the simplest sentence without embroidering it with peculiar expletives and nonsensical adjectives.

John's vocabulary was quite large due no doubt to the many rainy days spent in public libraries and gained from eazing conversations among other Beat who, in order to appear learned, make a point of dredging up long words, digging their meaning and then spouting them on the slightest provocation. It's not unusual for a Beat to switch the subject of any conversation just so that he can get in a word or two pried out of a thesaurus the night before while guzzling wine. It takes only a moment's talk for a Beatnik to expose his own abysmal ignorance, with just a few exceptions.

Of course, tourists from Dubuque and similar points, are usually impressed by such words and phrases as existential, cultural renaissance, nymphomania, continence, psychologize and subliminal consciousness which constantly crop up in Beat blarney.



PARIS A DARING SOCIAL EXPOSE! **SLICE OF LIFE**



Rascal



Fillies High



PLAYGIRL



sex-happy



"Nymph"



THE TRUE, INSIDE STORY

On the make



LURE



AUTHENTIC



**She captures her audiences
with seductive dancing or
a lecture on anthropology**



When a Beatnik broad entertains she is ready with stimulants for both the mind and the senses. Many chatty chicks play chess but only a few can afford to guzzle Scotch whiskey. More often the drink is fortified wine, purchased by the gallon. (Posed by professional model Libby Jones -and photographed by William C. Thomas.)

'BEATNIK' REBEL REVOLTS

Probably from the very moment of the pick-up on the Virginia highway, I had it in my mind to reform Jon Hayness. With all the zeal of a virgin lady distributing tracts, I charted Jon's redemption. The trouble was, like the lecher in a harem, Jon didn't want to be saved.

Now that he had his gray flannel suit, a few bucks in his kick and a steady sponsor, it seemed odd that he should want to escape the corral. But, one day I went to meet him at his hotel and was informed that he had checked out and had left no forwarding address. He did leave this letter:

Dear Friend (it began):

It seems that I don't want to be an assistant to the publisher. Actually, I just don't want to be assistant to anybody. I don't even want to have my own assistant. I appreciate the fact that you befriended me but I am smart enough to realize that you had an ulterior motive. You will always be charitable as long as you can write a best-selling book about it. However, I admire you for what you are, a conscienceless con-man.

You enjoyed lugging me around with you, adjusting my necktie and telling the tale about how you rescued me. If I had continued to play the game with you I guess my 'before and after' pictures would have appeared in your book and I could have become a celebrity with access to plenty of free drinks, stupid women and cocktail parties where I would have been just as much on exhibition as when I sat with the other rats.

This will be a rather long letter (you know about my missive writing yea) because I do think that I owe you an explanation which you will probably incorporate into your Beatnik book. I know you'll publish a book about Beats and that I will be a principal character and all I want, since this is inevitable, is for you to get some part of the story straight. I know that you'll go the sensational route, otherwise nobody would buy your book. Your book will be too badly written and too lurid to appeal

to anybody but a moron, although I'm forced to admit that you'll probably sell a lot of copies to the Beats themselves, who will want to find out just how ludicrous you can get.

What you don't understand, mine publisher, is that when you pulled up on that rainy morning in the mountains and saw me—gaunt, soaked and alone—that I was not suffering. I was not unhappy. I was gloriously happy, alive, alert and aware. In your cadillac, cozy and dry, comfy and secure, you simply couldn't understand that out there, next to nature, I was actually getting kicks! You were not moved to pity by my deplorable plight, a forsaken wayfarer, but you were intrigued by the knowledge that out of my misery (which you presumed), you could fashion a tale that would sell.

Perhaps I am unfair. Maybe you did feel genuinely sorry for me. Maybe you were a Good Samaritan. But, whatever your original motive, you soon ceased to regard me as a human being and I became a colorful character in a book.

Even so, had you sincerely tried to discover the true reasons for my behavior, I would have gone along with you without reservation. Instead, however, you encouraged me to tell you only what I did and my experiences, believe me, were never important. They were only a means to an end, to get some place, to eat and sleep.

Did you ever ask me what I thought or how I felt?

My main kick is to feel. You confuse feeling with the sense of touch. I like a feeling that goes through me like the twang of a guitar string, like a drop of rain running down my neck, icy at first and the gradually cooling so that by the time it hits my spine it is warm and soothing. I like the feeling of a thousand kisses from a hundred passionate lips, the wind caressing my nude body with a tenderness no human could impart, like the cold salt sea sweeping me up in gigantic billows and then to waft me away from wave to wave and rock me in a capricious cradle.

I like to feel, to smell and to hear and then I like to think about it. I like to savor the good things, the sweet tastes, the delightful smells and the wonderful, rapturous embraces. I like to endure the bad things, the nauseous odours, disgusting tastes and the horrors of the morning after a carouse.

For these things I need no money, no car, no reputation, no social security, no unemployment insurance, no plan, chart or map. All I need is my BEING and the humility, the willingness and the spirit to BE.

Sincerely,

JON HAYNESS

"Apparently," I said to my wife, "I have presumed upon Jon. From now on I will be more circumspect and more considerate when I pick up a hitch-hiker."

She tore the letter up in anger and disgust which was not simulated.

"I told you dis man was no goot. Plenty man like him in Poland and Austria come to your house to eat and den ven you need den dey beat it. Forget dis man—he iss a pineza (nothing)."



No one can claim Beat chicks are inhibited and only underthings are usually worn around the "Pad." (Posed by a professional model.)



'SHOOK-UP' SHEBAS AND BE-BOP BABES



The ancient Romans were tepid party givers in comparison with the orgies tossed by the Beat, those who should know are agreed. Everything in the book is on the list of events when the cats and the chicks get together in festive mood. The scene makes no particular difference. The locale can be Paris, New York, San Francisco, New Orleans...the cast will be the same and the plot...to evoke, create, endure or enjoy every possible sensation!

All that's needed is the "Party Pad," which is somebody's room or rooms, pod, wine and or gin. A radio or phonograph will do for the music, although it is not unusual for the cats to bring bongo drums and wind instruments. The latter may blare all night while the pandemonium around and about will go almost unnoticed by the musicians.

John Clellon Holmes, in an article in Esquire, says: "Modern jazz is almost exclusively the music of the Beat Generation...because jazz is primarily the music of inner freedom, of improvisation, of the creative individual rather than interpretive group. It is the music of a submerged people, who FEEL free, and this is precisely how young people feel today."

Right or wrong there is this to support John's statement. At many Beat parties a lone musician, sometimes a saxophonist, sometimes a drummer, sometimes a guitarist, will sit and improvise, seemingly oblivious to the hub-bub about him, pausing only to down a drink or to gasp pod. Some mighty strange music is played, often moody but also melodic and sensual.



Many of the parties are invaded by the so-called "Week End Bohemians" who often come just to look and try to avoid actual participation beyond quaffing a few drinks.

Allen Brown talked to one of these and she said, he says: "I'm a nurse. I like nursing and I'm going to keep on nursing. But I don't like being told by Madison Avenue what I should think and what I should buy and who I should vote for. Sometimes it's hard to be independent when you are living in a middle-class suburb. There are times when you feel the pressure they are putting on you to make you like and think like everyone else. When that happens I go to a Beat Party."

"After a few hours listening to the Beatniks—they're against EVERYTHING, you know—it's easy for me to go home and live with my quiet little protests."

"But I won't go all the way with the Beat Generation. I'm too moral for all this crazy sleeping around. I have no desire to try even marijuana. I like to date men, not women. Still, it's good to know that there are nonconformists who go all the way."

Brown asserts that homosexuals are among the Week-End Bohemians who patronize "gay" bars to find conformity for their non-conformity. Further, he states that the Week-Enders seek to conform to Beatnik standards and quotes a stenographer: "It takes me almost as long to get ready for a Beatnik Bacchanalian orgie as it does to go to a 'square' party. I have to be properly sloppy in my smart little black outfit and to comb my hair just right over my eyes!"

A description of even one of the Beatnik binges would be, actually, dull. All the parties reach a point where each individual is apparently getting a separate and possibly completely different kick and if the participant is not full of the various elixirs and weed provided, then he would only be bored by the constant chatter and meaningless, grotesque actions of the others. In other words, if you are going to a Beat party as an onlooker, you won't have too much fun unless uninhibited actions and dress or undress give you some sort of thrill.

You've got to join in, if you are to be really aware, and this is something that the majority of the uninitiated are reluctant to do and this is probably a good thing.

However, there are events of this nature that do become positively vicious. The Week-End Bohemians are seldom allowed and never invited to these. These are the orgies that become, as the party progresses, savage and sadistic. The chicks are deliberately incited to fight each other and many other and unpredictable actions occur. These are the "cool" parties that end in death—murder—suicide. And—they happen far too often and their very existence is what puts the Beat Generation on the defensive and is their unforgivable sin.

The tourists who go to North Beach in San Francisco or to North State street near Rush in Chicago or to the "odd" bars of New York's Village, do so to watch and not to join. Still—it's all too easy, with one too many, to slip into the unnatural scheme of things and thus, for naive respectable people, mingling with the Beat can be dangerous.



Of course, the proper attitude is to accept the Beat for what they really are, a small, if colorful, segment of our population. To take what they say with a skeptical grain of salt, to enjoy their oddness as one would giggle at a clown, to note, if tempted to join them, that their way of life is beset with poverty, that they are unclean and that most are not entirely rational. They do have good ideas but the manner of expressing them leaves much to be desired by even the most ragged of individualists.

"Poet" Lawrence Ferlinghetti urges: "Let's go. Come on. Let's go. Empty out our pockets and disappear. Missing all our appointments and tuming up unshaven years later, old cigarette papers stuck to our pants, leaves in our hair. Let us not worry about the payments any more. Let them come and take it away, whatever it was that we were paying for. And us with it."

But I would say that let's accept the fact of life—that if we are to be snug, comfortable with full bellies and glad rags, then we must keep up the payments lest we are charged with larceny of the bailee. Let us stay by the hearth with hair smoothed by television's latest miracle hair oil and, by all means, let's be on time and keep our place in the sun because it can get mighty damn chilly out on the highway with only a thumb to take us anywhere and the world is cruel and hard and calculating and we'll just have to dream on our own time!"

Keep in mind, please, that to get away from it all is just not possible in our time. Sail away to Tahiti and loll with a pair of naked beauties under a coconut tree? Don't be silly, the French government will boot you to hell out of there.

For one attitude and one wonderful trait, we must be eternally grateful to the Beat. They cannot be manipulated. The Motivational Researchers come up against a blank wall in attempting to probe the Beat id. No message, subliminal or otherwise, will register with the "to Hell with it" clique. No command, suggestion, or "Hidden Persuader," however hypnotically powered, will click in a Beatnik brain, conscious or subconscious. It is to be hoped that this obliviousness will rub off on those outside the clan, if only to jam the works of the politicians, the ad men and the publicists who think they have us and our minds in the palm of their greedy hands.

— The End —

THE BEAT POPULATION FOR 1959

On the road	— 126,000
Los Angeles	— 5,500
San Francisco	— 15,000
Chicago	— 12,000
New York	— 10,000
Paris	— 3,000
(American)	
Everywhere	— 25,000
else	
TOTAL	— 196,500
(estimated)	

There are possibly another 5,000 Beats who are "part-time" members, worshipping with the faithful between jobs or checks, but donning a tie and washing the neck when a buck beckons. Among these are those who have neurotic "spells," forswearing society when the ill mood is upon them but scurrying back to the fold of respectability when the lice begin to bite.

Hangers-on for occasional kicks, homos who work at it, hidden fags who chance a night of revelry and various masqueraders are not counted as genuine Beats, nor are students of the arts who are often victims of Beat con.

Too, the many promoters, proprietors of bagel shops, lunch rooms, cabarets, dives, beer and wine joints and pay pads are not counted as they are strictly opportunists who don Beat trappings to inveigle tourists. There are probably hundreds of these fakirs.



Are men a
necessary
evil?



THE HEARTBREAK LURE OF LONDON

There are literally thousands of cheaply bedizened trollopes trodding the streets of London, plying the oldest trade with reckless abandon and a depravity even beyond the shame of our own Kansas City in its' mobster governed era. Many of these putrid prostitutes were once blooming Irish colleens or hinterland lasses of the British Isles. They came to London seeking careers or just jobs but wound up going down the path of sin and lust.

Many came to work as office girls and found no difficulty in finding employment but soon found it was easier to frolic with the boss than to hammer a typewriter for low pay and no future. When the sponsor would tire of the gambol, it was then up to them to find another and lacking an office to operate from, they took to the streets. London wolves are quick to spot an amateur and a lop lassie is snatched from the bricks with alacrity and generosity but once she has been passed about a bit her attraction diminishes and her price goes down. Soon, a bit bedraggled, she is forced to hustle flamboyantly and her professional sisters soon give her the old heave ho. If she is to continue on the sidewalks she must find a pimp to make arrangements for protection. Of course, her earnings go to her man and she soon becomes another slatternly slave, often sex crazy and man hungry, plagued with desires that only whoring can satiate.

So, for a London street-walker, men are a necessary evil.

There are those who decry the fact that lights, gaiety and the hope of a glamorous life must coax innocent girls to the world's largest city to their ultimate degradation--just as many in this country wish that the Hollywood lure was less.





"But these Beach chicks—well, they don't want flowers. They're putting down the stuffy middle-class ideas about premarital virginity, and they're putting down these ideas the best way they know how.



the Beatnik

A Beatnik is a mystic bum—
Hitching rides without a thumb
Getting nowhere, caring less
Trying to escape the mess
The mess that is the world today—
Trouble, turmoil and dismay!

A Beatnik is a hoodooed tramp,
Mailing cards without a stamp
Getting nothing, asking less
Only wanting to confess—
Confess to every mortal sin
And grow a beard upon his chin.

MEN... YOU GET ALL TEN
OF THESE TERRIFIC STAG
MOVIE SUBJECTS FOR LESS
THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!



You must be delighted... you must be thrilled... you must agree that these are the most terrific girls you've ever seen in action or your money back!

TEN STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS

all ten \$2.00
only

8mm

GREATEST ADULT MOVIE BARGAIN EVER!

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to get ten delightfully different, sensationally thrilling stag shows on film FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE! Lovely, luscious young beauties go all out to please... ten girls, ten action plots, ten exclusive stag subjects, the kind you've always wanted, the kind only Titan Stag Films gives you!

NOW! DON'T DELAY! SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!

RUSH \$2 CASH, CHECK OR MONEY
ORDER 100R 10mm SEND \$4.50!

10 **TITAN STAG FILMS**

BOX 44856, WEST HOLLYWOOD 44, CALIF.

MOVIE VIEWER SPECIAL
FOR **TITAN**
CUSTOMERS
\$4.95
ONLY



DON'T MISS a thrill, a breath-taking, tantalizing action in Titan Stag Films. New Optic Movie Viewer for 8mm-50' films gives big, bright, life-like motion pictures for intimate shows; even slow or stop motion. See ad above.

A Beatnik is a soul unlocked
Another Priest that's been unfrocked
Bored and caring not to think—
Unless there is another drink!
Feeling only at the time,
Writing verse that doesn't rhyme.

A Beatnik is a bewitched bird
Seeking just a single word—
A word that will, somehow make sense
A word to bring some confidence.
Life or death can be the same
If either go against the grain.

H.W.



TANTALIZING! TORRID! EXOTIC!
LOOK AT THIS!...

sensational

GIANT
COLLECTION

OF-
500

DARING
LARGE
GLOSSY

UNCENSORED PHOTOS

Justifying
JAYNE
MANSFIELD

8 x 10's
5 x 7's
4 x 5's
and wallet size

FOR
ONLY
\$1.00
POSTPAID

DARING AND REVEALING!

EVERY POSITION REVEALED IN
BREATHTAKING DETAIL 480
AN OUTSTANDING COLLECTION!

NO TWO ALIKE!

Exciting Poses
FROM PRIME FILMS



ADULTS ONLY

NO RISK COUPON

JAYNE PIX, Dept. 803

Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Dear Sir: Please rush me your giant collection of 500 figure studies by return mail. I enclose only \$1.00 in full payment.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

HERE SHE IS!... TANTALIZING

GRETA THYSSEN

is featured in this

sensational

GIANT COLLECTION

OF
500

LARGE
GLOSSY

REVEALING
MOST SENSUOUS

STARTLING
ENTICING

UNCENSORED PHOTOS

ADULTS
ONLY



MAIL COUPON TODAY

GRETA PIX, Dept. 1001

480 Lexington Ave.,

New York 17, N.Y.

Dear Sir: Please rush me your giant collection of 500 figure studies by return mail. I enclose only \$1.00 in full payment.

Name

Address

City

Zone

FOR
ONLY
\$1.00
POSTPAID

8 x 10's
5 x 7's
4 x 5's
and wallet size

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS!

480 Lexington Avenue, New
York 17, N.Y.



100 ft. 8mm MOVIES \$1.60 EACH 5 for only \$8.00

- ☐ 8 Lili St. Cyr "DANCE OF SALOME"
- ☐ 72 "PIN-UP POSES" of Tanya
- ☐ 83 Kalantan in "FIRE DANCE"
- ☐ 88 Jacqueline Haley "ACROBATICS"
- ☐ 89 Jan "MODELS LINGERIE"
- ☐ 93 Sue Sorrell "EROTIC POSES"
- ☐ 119 "SLAVE DANCE" Sherree North
- ☐ 121 Sherree North in "CAN CAN"
- ☐ 122 "THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE DANCER"
- ☐ 136 "SCREEN TEST" of Betty Brosmer
- ☐ 165 Nehila Ates "TURKISH DELIGHT"
- ☐ 184 Sandra Edwards "HOW TO USE A SUNLAMP"

200 ft. 8mm MOVIES \$3.20 EACH 5 for only \$16.00

- ☐ 50 "MISS UNIVERSE CONTEST"
- ☐ 69 "UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING" in Yucatan
- ☐ 74 "BUBBLE DANCER & FAN DANCER"
- ☐ 79 Dolores del Rayo "BULLFIGHT DANCE"
- ☐ 116 Ene Meyer in "COUNTRY GIRL"
- ☐ 166 "BURLESQUEING THE ADS"
- ☐ 180 Ene Meyer in "PLAYMATE"

8MM MOVIES ONLY 80¢ EACH

Why pay \$2.00 or more for 50-ft. adult movies when you can get the very best for only 80¢?

- | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 "GOLDIE ON A PICNIC" | <input type="checkbox"/> 98 Gwen Caldwell "FABULOUS LEGS" |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 "AFRO-MOOD" Cuban Dancer | <input type="checkbox"/> 102 Sherree North in "EROTIC DANCER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 "RHUMBA AMALIA" Cuban | <input type="checkbox"/> 103 "SCREEN TEST" of Vici Palmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 23 "SILK STOCKING MODEL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 107 "THE TRESPASSER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 Gwen Caldwell "GIRL WITH \$1,000.000 LEGS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 108 Nora Knight "EROTIC DANCER" |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 49 "BEAUTY PARADE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 125 "TEXAS LIL DARLIN'" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 54 Jerrina "BURLESQUE STAR" | <input type="checkbox"/> 126 "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 60 "LINGERIE MODEL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 62 Kalantan "DANCE NOCTURNE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 129 Sherree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 64 "WOMEN OF BALI" | <input type="checkbox"/> 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 68 Dee Moore "MODELS STOCKINGS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 135 "UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 73 Cula "AIRPLANE MECHANIC" | <input type="checkbox"/> 135 "TURKISH BELLY DANCER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 77 "AFRO-CUBAN RHYTHMS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 149 Lion "EROTIC PARISIAN" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 81 Myrna Dean "EROTIC DANCER" | <input type="checkbox"/> 168 Arlene "BURLESQUE DOLL DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 82 Kalantan in "BUDDHA DANCE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 182 "EROTIC SWAN DANCE" |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 87 Betty Howard in "EROTIC MAMBO" | <input type="checkbox"/> 187 Jerrina "SOUTH SEA BELLE" |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 92 Dolores Del Raye "ST. LOUIS WOMAN" | <input type="checkbox"/> 198 Budy Brown "MAID'S DAY OFF" |
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5 FILMS for \$4.00 OR 12 FOR ONLY \$9.00!

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You don't need an expensive projector to view 50 ft. 8mm movies. Order the new 8mm Movie Viewer and see sparkling life-size 50 ft. films in fast or slow motion.

\$5.95 POSTPAID



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Enclosed find \$

Please rush the "ADULT" Movies checked.

Also send me four of your newest and best 50-ft. movies C.O.D. every two months at only 80¢ each... BUT 10 DAYS BEFORE MAKING SHIPMENT, advise me of the titles.

Name
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We overheard a couple of modern young ladies chatting at cocktails the other afternoon. "Did you hear about Joanne getting married again?" asked the first. "No!" exclaimed the other in surprise. "I didn't even know she was pregnant."

Don't be Confused! Only

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Compare THESE EXCLUSIVE GUILD ADVANTAGES!

- ★ **Bonus! ON APPROVAL PLAN.** Pay only after you've seen films and decide you want to keep them!
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"...done business with you 4 years—only club that satisfied me on films and service. Thanks!"
J.W., Calif.

"...girls are beautiful...surprised you had what I wanted, not easy to get. Keep 'em coming."
D.N., Minn.

"...your service was prompt, the films fine. Expect to give me all my film business. Be more 'TV-by-night' for me."
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Free MOVIES OR Free VIEWER-PROJECTOR To New Members!

Send no money! Learn the facts! Receive, absolutely FREE, a big assortment of our finest, most sophisticated adult films ON an 8 mm. precision-viewing instrument! Take each month, enjoy the downright superior we ship only ON approval. Keep only if you think them worthy of your private play! Return if you don't like them! No money—pay later! (C.O.D. films, Specials, available to the most demanding.) All Guild films feature Hollywood's most beautiful, beautiful models and stars. Why risk disappointment? Deal with the Guild—Hollywood's first and finest film club!

LIMITED-TIME FREE GIFT OFFER!

CLIP & MAIL NOW — TODAY!
Movie Club Guild, Dept. 27-I
10311 Magnolia Park St., Burbank, Calif.

Please rush FREE GIFTS & Membership details, without obligation.

- ☐ I have no projector. ☐ I have 8 mm. projector.
☐ I have 16 mm. projector.
☐ Send listing of Family and Middle Films.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Do not order adult films unless 21 or over.



PERSONALIZED HOME BAR

ONLY \$598
Personally Initialed
It's Portable
For Parties,
Gatherings
Basement

This handsome portable Home Bar, personalized with your initials in a striking 3 dimensional contrast, makes it easy to serve guests in style. Made for both indoor and outdoor use, the handsome contrast of wood grain and gold finish makes for a sparkling setting in the home. Add class to any party at gathering, and points up the cleverness of its proud owner. And, for relaxing at home, in the parlor, den or basement it's certainly a convenient, handy new addition. Only \$5.95. Comparable in satisfaction and utility to bars selling for \$300. A perfect gift for any occasion.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order today! If not delighted return for refund. Because of its large size we are forced to ask for \$3.00 shipping charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. BR-64
LYNN, MASS. 01906

Rush me one personalized portable Home Bar at once. If I am not delighted I may return it after ten days. Free Trial for prompt refund at full purchase price.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. shipping charges. I enclose \$5.00 plus shipping charges.

NAME _____

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MY INITIALS ARE _____

FEATURES

- Personalized With Your Initials
- It's Portable—Sets Up Indoors Or Out
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It's Big—39" wide, 38" high, 13" deep

Sturdily built of aluminum laminated and wood grain finished. Made of high quality materials, this handsome personalized Home Bar is resistant to alcohol and soda stains. Handy built-in shelf holds full supply of bottles, glasses and napkins. Full size bar top holds drinks, pretzels, chips, etc. Sets up in a jiffy and folds compact for easy storage. A beauty for your home and a novel gift. State initials desired with each order.



Pickpockets Stay Away

A day in the life of a fellow at a nudist convention: You get up after a night spent in a dormitory bed. Married couples as well as single men bunk down in this dorm. Nudists are great snorers, it sounds like. The night is broken by heavy bugling. The noise drowns out the ominous buzz of mosquitoes which are having their own convention here.

In the morning rain beats down. Nothing puts a crimp on a nudists' convention like rain.

"Oh well, it can't rain any clothes anyway," says a young salesman.

The campers sit about in tents, cabins or bunks having breakfast. People do a lot of eating here. You are not expected to dress for dinner. When the rain eases the campers go into a grove.

Some play volley ball. Others listen to Haley Boone, 74, tell how he won a 20-year fight against postal cubs on nudist magazines. . . . He says the nudist movement is highly moral and natural.

About 300 campers are here at Zoro Nature Park, away from the city's flesh pots. Some nudists sit in the bunk-house watching TV. You don't see many camera fans around. Negatives probably would be over-exposed anyway. The day moves on easily. People are jolly and congenial. Youngsters of all ages romp around unconscious of their nudity.

"You can leave anything around—jewelry, money," says a camper. "Everything here is honest. Nothing is ever taken." Which is true. Anyway if a pickpocket ever hit camp, whose pockets could he pick and where could he put the loot? Nudists have ingenious ways of carrying things like cigars or money. Some have little coin purses attached to sunsaps. A handsome, mustached 34-year-old man named "Apollo" makes these purses. Other campers put smokes in their socks or shoes. One fellow, a Chicago music arranger, gave me his business card. I couldn't figure out where he kept the cards. Maybe he had them passed on his back. At night, the convention-goers sit around camp fires and sing.

THE KIND OF PIX MEN LOVE TO SEE!

THE **sensational**
DIANE WEBBER

is *Featured* in this

GIANT COLLECTION

500

LARGE GLOSSY

UNCENSORED PHOTOS

ABSOLUTELY UNRETOUCHED

8x10's

5x7's

4x5's

and wallet size

\$1.00
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PRIVATE PHOTOS!

ADULTS ONLY

NO RISK COUPON

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Dear Sirs: Please rush me your giant collection of 500 figure studies by return mail. I enclose only \$1.00 in full payment.

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City _____

State _____



STAG STORIES FOR MEN

ADULTS ONLY



the book nobody dared to print!

COMPLETE—UNABRIDGED—UNCENSORED
EDITION—MOST DARINGLY INTIMATE BOOK
EVER PUBLISHED!

OTHERS PRINT IMITATIONS... WE DARE
PRINT THE ORIGINALS! No holds barred!
No details omitted! Some for sense, and for
not, every action is fully described with in-
timid details, word for word and exactly as
they were when you passed them around
on wallet worn typewritten sheets!

Shocking, racy, old-time favorites such as:
HER ST. BERNARD, THE LOVIN' FAMILY,
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Plus many brand new ones like:

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MANY ILLUSTRATED WITH ACTUAL PHOTOS
AND DANGEROUS BUT DELIGHTFUL ART!

\$2.98

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MONEY ORDER. Sorry, no
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GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIMITED PUBLISHERS GUILD 701
BOX 46977, Los Angeles 46, California

DRAMATIC NEW FIGURE BEAUTY

- BEAUTIFIES THE FEMININE FIGURE
- DEVELOPS CHEST
- SLIMS WAIST—AIDS LEGS

ONLY
\$1.98

Now, through the famous Swedish method of "gentle" exercise that doctors recom-
mend, you can develop the beautiful form
that you desire. Yes, just 10 minutes a
day of this scientific development based on
modern up-to-date principles allows you
to increase your attractiveness on Where
You Wish—Take inches off where you don't
want it. Yes, you can actually give yourself
the shape you desire—the dress size you
want—firm flesh where fat used to be—and
new feminine beauty and grace. Take
inches off your neckline and hips. "Figure
Control" is fully adjustable—fully guaran-
teed. Full instructions included.



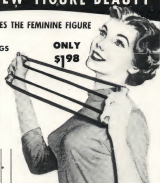
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10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Try "Figure Control" for
10 minutes a day in your
own home. If, after 10
days, you don't begin to
look better and feel
better, then simply return
for prompt refund or full
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develops chest



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Heer House Products Corp. Dept. BD-59
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Push my "Figure Control" Swedish Method Beauty
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Guarantee.
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STAG MOVIES

10 GREAT
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SHOWS ALL TEN

Strictly for adults, the most sensational
gags in the greatest stag shows ever put on
film for private collector, and now at a
fantastic, low, low bargain price. Each dif-
ferent, each outstanding, ten eager gals
tease and please. Guaranteed.

LIMITED OFFER.

RUSH \$2 for 10mm, L.A. 46, CALIF.

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NO PROJECTION! NEW FROM
MOVIE VIEWER SHOWS ALL THE
ACTION. ALL THE DETAIL.

\$5



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PORTABLE RADIO

**Complete! Ready to Operate!
NO BATTERIES! NO TUBES!
No Longer Than a Regular Pack
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RADIO GIVES INTERFERENCE
FREE RECEPTION!...**

LISTEN ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

Now you can tune in on radio programs without anyone else knowing that you are listening to music, sports, news, weather, etc. Order your Lifetime Pocket Radio now before the major sporting events this spring deplete our limited supply. A FABULOUS OPPORTUNITY! VALUE NOW AVAILABLE WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS. AT THE UNBELIEVABLY LOW PRICE OF JUST \$4.95! And remember, there's absolutely nothing to go out of order. The Lifetime Pocket Radio is not a toy, but a precision instrument constructed and designed for your own personal use.

Here's What You Get When You Order:

- Completely ready to play! Lifetime Pocket Radio in attractive case, with calibrated tuning dial. Nothing to say the postman when he delivers your radio.
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- Hearing Aid type speaker. Featherweight, excellent clarity and quality. Inconspicuous... lets you listen in bed without disturbing others. Almost invisible. Order Now \$4.95.

WILL LAST INDEFINITELY!

The Lifetime Pocket Radio comes built into a colorful, durable, shock-resistant plastic case, completely enclosed... no bigger than a pack of cigarettes regular size. Easily slips into your pocket or purse. Its fine, attractive appearance rivals portable radios selling for many times the price.

FEATHERWEIGHT

Featherweight! The entire Lifetime Pocket Radio weighs so little that you'll be amazed. Just 4 ounces complete! So light, so small, so inconspicuous that you'll hardly know you have it with you. Fill in and mail the coupon today while the limited supply lasts.

HOW DOES THIS AMAZING POCKET-SIZE RADIO FUNCTION?

Scientists and electronic engineers working together, perfected and developed the special new circuits found in the Lifetime Pocket Radio. The special power source is a new-type, self-powered rectifier called a *germanium diode*. This, together with the specially designed ferrite loop antenna (now standard equipment on many transistor sets) and the new circuit design, receives station's signals and amplifies them through a precision hearing-aid type speaker, enabling you to listen to your favorite programs in complete privacy! Calibrated tuning dial aids in station selection.

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No Expenses,
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Out or Replace
•
OPERATES A
LIFETIME and
NEVER RUNS
DOWN!

LISTEN TO YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS!

No matter where you are you can enjoy your favorite programs without bothering anyone else. Take the Lifetime Pocket Radio with you wherever you go... it only weighs 4 ounces and it's so convenient to carry around with you that you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. No maintenance costs whatever... nothing to wear out... nothing to replace... nothing additional to buy now or at any time. Why not rush your order today. Simply send the coupon below with your remittance and your Lifetime Pocket Radio will be shipped to you at once. You will be delighted beyond your wildest expectations.



Here's How You Can Get The Complete Lifetime Pocket Radio for just \$4.95! Yes just \$4.95 is all you pay. No Hidden Costs. Nothing to Pay Later. Nothing To Assemble. Your Lifetime Pocket Radio is ready to play the moment you remove it from the shipping carton!

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114 E. 47th St. New York 17, N.Y.

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Send postage pre-paid... I save 30c postage by sending \$4.95 with order.

Name _____

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City _____

Zone _____

State _____



RECORD YOUR VOICE AT HOME

ONLY \$6⁹⁸



- Cuts Actual Records
- Records at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45, or 78 R.P.M.s
- Money Back Guarantee

Make Your Own Records Anywhere!
Now, you can cut your own records at home. Sing, tell jokes, record "secret" conversations, take off your favorite show and music, and it's all ready to play back instantly. Baby's first words, famous speeches, big shows and so much more are all captured by you forever. Yes, with this precision instrument, you no longer need expensive tape recorders. And, think how useful this existing recorder will be at parties, gatherings and whenever you and your family and friends gather.

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Now receive complete recording equipment, including recording arm and head, microphone, backing disc, cutting needles, and full supply of blank records. It all attaches to your phonograph, and you're all set to record what you like, when you like, and when you like. Take only 30 seconds to operate and so simple any child can use it. Perfect for making to a loved one who has a heart from baby or the kids in a while. Records at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 or 78 R.P.M.'s.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Heater House Products Dept. DE-42
Lynbrook, New York

Back my Home Voice Recorder on 30 Day Free Trial if I am not 100% delighted. I may return it after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of the purchase price.

Said C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$0.58 plus postage and shipping charges.
I'll enclose \$0.58 plus 45¢ shipping charges in full payment.

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Address _____

The PERSONAL FILM CLUB'S

THE LIVING END*

"SAY SATISFIED ADULT FILM FANS!

... don't ask how you after these great weeks for so little. Am looking forward to next shipment. J.M.A., N.Y.

... much better than some of the art stuff I've seen. You don't misinterpret anything. J.M.A., N.Y.

... belonged to 10 other clubs. Your films are tops. M.B., Calif.

from actual letters on file in our office

FREE "30" or PFC PORTFOLIO

Loaded with many detailed photos of the PFC's courtship, from the first meeting to the wedding. A 30" printed in color. Explains why PFCs are the most popular. Send \$2.00.

SEND FOR "PFC PREVIEW"

Loaded with "Preview" photos, the PFC's most beautiful performance in action! 1 different color. Send \$1.00. Send \$2.00. Send \$3.00. Send \$4.00.

only **25¢** PER FILM!

(On "On Approval" Basis)

AUTHENTIC ARCADE MOVIES
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FREE GIFTS TO NEW MEMBERS
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Here's new film club that beats all others the way from Saturday! We know what you want—we've got it! Beautiful, beautiful girls in bold dialogue and headline action... amazing new routines... provocative double-length "Fantasies". PFC films feature all the big names, also Hollywood's newest, freshest models! Try our startlingly different members, enjoy our amazingly low prices and prompt, personal service! Send today now for PFC Preview or Free "30" or PFC Portfolio!

ONLY PFC OFFERS EXCLUSIVE FILMS ON THESE TOP PERFORMERS:

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Personal Film Club, Dept. GU-36

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☐ Send listing of Family and Kidde Films.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE ORIGINALS
THOSE SHOCKING
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STAG STORIES



MANY WITH ARTIST ILLUSTRATIONS

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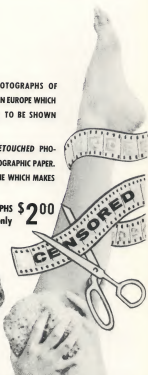
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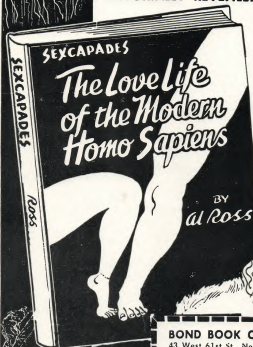
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The reply is, of course, that this odd situation is, to sum up, "the hell of it."

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Some of the illustrations have been posed by professional models. Many of the photographs, on the other hand, are authentic. Names have been omitted for obvious reasons.

← Uninhibited skylarking sparkles the annual "Art" ball in the Gotham. All manner of masquerade costumes are worn by the "students" and "models" who frolic without restraint. Their awful antics shock the uninitiated but the event is just a laugh to blase New Yorkers who often rib the ridiculous "Chicks" and incautious "Cats" to exceed themselves in wierd behavior. One thing for sure, it's a party that will never be televised.



COMING SOON! "AFRICA SCREAMS!"

As this, the second printing of "Beatnik," goes to press, the Publishers have turned an eye to the future and have prepared a series of manuscripts for the type-setters that you initial readers of Beelzebub Books should find most engrossing, illuminating, educational and probably "spicy," much as we dislike the last over-worked word.

Next is literary thrill-piece aptly called, "Africa Screams," and it loudly details facts and facets about the Dark Continent that will be surprising, enthralling, and exciting and never before published. Africa is not all Voodoo, Shrunk Heads and Black Magic, although these intriguing subjects get deserved attention by author Heater Wall and a host of daring photographers. Nor is it a political boiling pot stirred by Colonialists, Witch Doctors and the Mau Mau. Mr. Wall has chosen to tell the story of the people, cannibal and otherwise and leave the economic and governmental sides to the dissimulation of Mr. Gunther and the British Foreign Office.

Wait until you read about how the Madison Avenue Ad-dicts, 'scraping' around for a new way to sell blades, try to make a boxer out of an eight foot Watusi from the Belgian Congo, a ferocious savage so sadistically mean and consciously cruel that he was more than a match for two heavy-weight boxers and a full television crew! And, imagine the dismay of the ad boys when they learn that a wily medicine man is using the sample razor blades as love potions...yes, feeding them to sex apathetic native broads.

Of course, "Africa Screams" will be 'profusely illustrated' with pulse pounding pictures that are actual, factual. Even scenes of passionate rites and dances are unretouched. "Africa Screams" is next on the Beelzebub agenda, as you may have gathered.

Beelzebub Books are published by Heater Wall at
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'BEATNIK'

A REPORT ON THE

"BEAT GENERATION"

By HEATER WALL

**BEATNIK BABE BURNED!
COOL PARTY PINCHED!
BEAT BATTERS BATTY BROAD!
SEX SILLY SIRENS SAPPED!
DELOUSE DOPE DIZZY DAMES!**



Murder, suicide, rape, riot—shocking headlines that sear from front pages the country over. Thus is the "Beat Generation" in the news.

It may be, as Ben Hecht says: "Beatniks are harmless, amusing and they do very little writing."

Or, it may be as Professor Cannon asserts: "These people menace our way of life, challenge our thinking and discard the moral standards we have held sacred."

Again it may be as a "Beat," characterized as a "squatter," opined: "Life is a drag, man, really a deathly drag."

There are, it appears, two classifications of the Beat, the "loners" who are in constant action, frantic movement, trying to dig everything. The second and probably true Beatnik just loaf and talks...not caring about life at all.

Whatever the truth, the opinion, the facts or the case...the reader will soon discover that the Beatnik story is, indeed, a contradictory one and no individual member of the motley mob can ever fall into any certain category or classification.

Some say that the entire dodge is just an application for a license to lust.

"Poet" Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who has most of his work published in mimeograph, calls Beatniks "illiterate Bohemians," says most of the night and day sitters in the dives of San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Paris are too ignorant to either read or write.

Norman Podhoretz comments in the Partisan Review: "This is the revolt of the spiritually underprivileged and the crippled of soul—young men and women who cannot think straight and so hate anyone who can; young men and women who can't get outside the morass of self and so construct definitions of feeling that exclude all human beings who manage to live, even miserably, in a world of objects."

Some Beatniks are satisfied only by interracial love-making. "Two very big reasons for this," said one "Beat" musician. "First is the existentialist thing, the death wish. Then, too, they are fed up with the trappings of modern life. They have it in their head that the negro represents the primitive. They want to wed the primitive."

Critic Podhoretz sees a close connection between this desire for primitivism and the "illiterate Bohemianism" described by Ferlinghetti:

"The plain truth is that the primitivism of the Beat Generation serves first of all as a cover for an anti-intellectualism so bitter that it makes the ordinary American's hatred of eggheads seem positively benign."

And critic Herbert Gold, writing in the Nation, offered this diagnosis of the Beatniks' sociological sickness: "They have carried their rebellion from society past the end; excising from their innards the cant of mass culture, these fierce surgeons have also badly cut up their humanity."

They are cool. Now they blow nothing but the miseries."

Evelyn West, famed for her \$50,000 Treasure Chest, who was inspired to become a writer and reporter by the late Bernard McFadden, the publisher and faddist, has this to say about the Beat chicks:

"I have found it difficult to carry on anything close to a sane conversation with any of them. They are obsessed by a perverted, even maniacal brand of sex. Talk about a painting on the wall and the next thing you know they are snapping your garter!"

Tempest Storm, the stripper, has found that she has thousands of fans

Tempest STORM



evelyn west



among the capricious chicks who treasure photographs of Tempest that reveal her most amazing mammary glands. This is explained by a prominent mind prober who avers that most of the chicks are lacking in the bust department and that an expanse such as that possessed by Tempest becomes something to literally worship.

"Beat chicks are basically cold and sexually listless," he states. "The fact that they constantly experiment in forbidden areas is proof that a normal relationship is to them next to impossible. Still, in a dim way, they realize that they are missing a boat called 'Life' and thus they become idolatrous of the symbols of Motherhood."

J. Donald Adams, writing in the New York Times, says: "Although the 'Beat' rejects the material objectives by which their more numerous contemporaries are guided, they choose strange ways of seeking spiritual salvation. I am not thinking so much of their probably fleeting affair with the Zen Lunatics as I am of their attempt, in this bedeviled and bewildered western world, to exempt themselves from any responsibility, and their immersion after brief flights into the Buddhist stratosphere, in the world of pure sensation, or—to put it more explicitly—in the world of drugs, drunkenness and aimless wandering, spiked by frequent orgies of sex in the raw!"

Marion Elaine Marshal, whose book, "Hell In Bed," will soon be published by Boezielbab, has done some research among the "Beat," and her impressions are interesting. "They fail to shock me (the Beat), she avers. 'I think they are at all times trying to astonish and embarrass other people and this accounts for their promiscuity and outrageous public behavior. They are like monkeys spitting through the bars of their cages.'"



Allen Brown, writing in the San Francisco Chronicle, describes a peculiar visit with a Bop musician while investigating the "Beat" beat:

"Welcome to my pad." The slightly built man holding open the door to his "Pad," a two-room clapboard cottage on Potrero Hill, was credited by fellow members of the Beat Generation with knowing all about sex, marijuana and music.

He led the way into the kitchen-living room and dropped onto an unpainted wooden chair. Paint, flaked from the walls and ceiling of the small room, had been left to mix with rolls of dust beneath the few furnishings—and improvised bookcase; a single, lumpy overstuffed chair, a battered range; a scarred drop-leaf kitchen table.

He hadn't shaved for three or four days. The buttons were broken from the button-down collar of his rumpled Ivy League shirt.

"It's true, true," he nodded slowly. "All true, what they say about me in the Beach. All true. It was more true a couple of months ago, though. I only make it with a girl, oh, occasionally. I'm living here alone now. No chick to do the dishes for me. I'm trying to get to know myself and make some adjustment in my mind between myself and the world."



What strange dreams, what odd reflections, what soul-searing thoughts must flash through the mind of a lost child, entangled in the webs of a Bohemian existence. On her pad, the morning after, is there a shred of regret? (Posed by professional model Margaret McDonald and photographed by George Boardman).



"Really, you know, until I started making the Beach scene in San Francisco a few years ago....Well, until then, I never really had a chance to be promiscuous. In college, you know, you take a girl out and you send her flowers and you buy dinner and maybe you get a goodnight kiss.

"But these Beach chicks--well, they don't want flowers. They're putting down the stuffy middle-class ideas about premarital virginity, and they're putting down these ideas the best way they know how.

"Also, for a long time I've been hung up with this William Reich idea that all happiness depends upon the perfect sexual experience. I had to find out if it was possible to have a really fine, long-term relationship with a girl based only on sex. I had one chick living with me for six whole weeks, and sex was almost the only thing we had in common, and we balled here with sex and pod for six weeks and then I decided Reich was wrong. There has to be more than sex!

"Pod's done great things for me, GREAT things! And it made me so AWARE. Aware of little things like colors and textures and odors and sounds. Everything was on a high, tingling level, and I could really dig it. But the contrast was too much. When I came down from the pod cloud, I came down hard. Pod took me very, very far out, and it was hell getting back.

"I came, finally, where I could do just one of three things: Go to junk (heroin), kill myself, or get off pod. I quit pod. Just like that I quit it, and now I'm trying to get my consistent level of awareness without it."

Of musicians, this same character, according to Broun, had this to say: "They can blow it but they can't talk it, I mean about the Beat Generation. But you can talk with jazz. You can blow hate or anger or the miseries. Like when the fuzz (police) tried to suppress Ginsberg's

poem, "Howl," I thought: They'd try to suppress me, too, if they could hear what I'm saying with my bass."

(The poem "Howl" contained numerous four letter words and reform elements were shocked and hollered Copper. However, the book shop clerk who sold the book was acquitted of a charge that he purveyed obscene matter and the poem sold as never before.)

Broun had an ear for a variety of conversations and here are some incorporated in his report: "Lemme have fifteen cents for coffee, will ya man? Sure, I'll pay you back next week when I get my unemployment check."...."Mad Myrtle cut me in nicely last night. This tourist, this square told her he wanted some pod. He called it 'tea,' thought we called Marijuana 'tea'. Well, Myrtle told him I had a connection, so he slips me ten dollars and I cut out. Now I suppose she'll want half."...."Here's the 65 cents I owe you, Ajax. Mom sent me ten dollars from Chicago so I could pay for my 'art' lessons. Dig? Well, now my bills are all paid. No, man, not ALL my bills. Just the money I OWE people. The stores and the corporations can go to hell!"... "Hey, anyone here seen Don? He's been drunk ever since he rode in from New York two weeks ago. Drunk and out on pod and trying to make it with every chick on the Beach. Didn't see him all day yesterday. Yeah, maybe he has cut out."

My own ears have heard a few hair-raisers. "Millicent, I want to warn you. These Puerto Rican fellows are on Wheaties or something. I mean, they never stop...they wear you out, I mean OUT." "I mean this Velma scared me. I came into the pod and found her with a stocking wrapped around her throat. I mean she was going to STRANGLE herself and, it was my stocking!"

Anyway, here's the sordid, factual story. Draw your own conclusions but I would presume to advise that any "glamour" that the photographs in this book may impart is as counterfeit as a three dollar bill!



MASQUERADE

